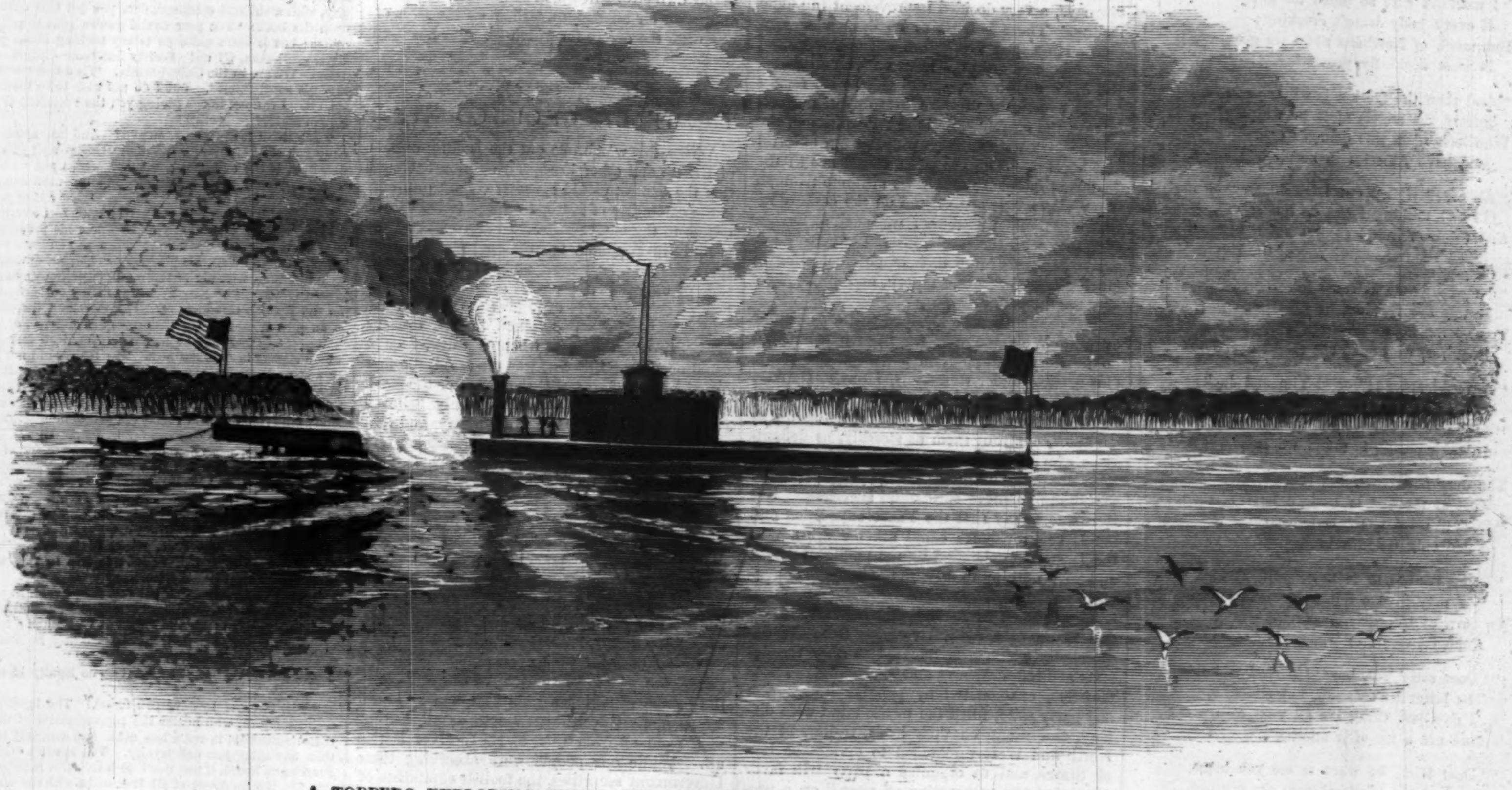
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
VOL. VII.—No. 326.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



A TORPEDO EXPLODING UNDER THE "MONTAUK," IN THE OGEECHEE RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "NASHVILLE" BY THE IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MONTAUK."—DRAWN BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

ROUND their camp-fire three soldiers sat;
The night was cold, the wind was blowing,
And, sifting through the barrack's chinks,
The crystal flakes came thickly snowing.

They sat there silent, sad, and stern,
No light but fire-light on their faces,
And yet 'twas plain, howe'er unsaid,
Theirs weren't the most congenial places.

At length Tim Hanson sighed, and muttered,
"It's no use, boys, the ship is sinking;
And as to risk another fight,
It's throwing life away, I'm thinking."

"And so do I," replied Jack Day;
"Our Government don't know what it's doing;
Our generals rather take their ease
Than spoil the mess Secesh is brewing."

"And then, too," Tim rejoined, "and then,
Just think of all the good times waiting—
The sunny rooms, and smiles at home,
And then that glorious evening skating.

"I wouldn't care so much for all,
If every body wasn't croaking;
But much of Northern news we get
Is most decidedly provoking.

"And then the faction bawling *peace*—
Surely the angels must be weeping,
Who look upon this demon's egg,
And have America in keeping."

"Ah me!" sighed out Dick Jones, "ah me!
There's nothing I can do but shiver,
And think of that last dreadful fight,
When thousands fell, across the river.

"I move we do as some have done,
Obtain our freedom by desertion:
To slip the noose, and foil the guard,
Requires, we know, but slight exertion."

"Agreed! agreed!" cried Tim and Jack:
"The thing would be amazing easy."
"A step!" hissed Dick: "'tis well the night,
In taking cold, is taken wheezy."

The door flew open, and there fell,
Just at the feet of Dick, a letter:
"Luck!" cried he; "had you come to-morrow,
You'd only found a broken fetter."

"Come, read it to us now," said Tim;
"'T may give a fellow strength for running,
Or turn us Copperheads, or something
Amazing smart or wondrous cunning."

"'Dear son:' yes, boys, I'll read you this;
The letter isn't Jane's, but mother's,
And now just think it's all your own,
And not a bit of it another's.

"'Dear Dick, we want to see you home,
But not till rebel schemes are crushed,
And discontent and treason here
In glorious victory are hushed.

"'Wrongs there may be—we know there are;
Bad men command where they should serve;
But all will meet ere long, we trust,
The recompense their acts deserve.

"'Think not that He, who notes the fall
Of even a sparrow, fails to see
The hardship, pain, and wrongs endured,
And whether patiently, by thee.

"'Think not that Heaven has no reward,
No rich reward in store, to mete
To him who takes his life, his all,
And lays them at his country's feet.

"'This is not all of life; and he
Who nobly for his country dies
Shall find promotion when he falls,
And glory when entombed he lies.

"'Oh! then, my son, go boldly on;
Let no discouragements prevail;
Our cause is God's—His purposes
May linger, but they can not fail.'"

Dick turned away to wipe a tear;
Jack blew the flames a trifle higher;
Tim took his Bible from the shelf,
And drew the table to the fire.

"'Twas nonsense," Jack remarked, at length,
"That we were talking, boys, together;
Or else we had the blues, no doubt
Engendered by this blowing weather."

"'Twas only talk—all talk," said Tim;
"Let come what will, I'll never falter;
I'd like an order, though, to swing
Round every Copperhead a halter."

"My mother," murmured Dick; "my mother—
I seem even now to see her sitting,
Her thoughtful face and gentle eye
Bent absently above her knitting.

"Come, boys, we'll sing 'Sweet Home;' but no,
Our patriotic songs are better."
We'll pause; for only God can know
The influence of that mother's letter.

☞ IN the next Number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall commence the publication of a new Serial Tale, entitled

VERY HARD CASH,

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

This Tale will be richly illustrated, and will be continued from week to week till it is completed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

A BETTER FEELING.

BE the cause what it may, the most careless observer must have noticed, within the past few days, a very decided improvement in public feeling. There is little or no despondency in men's language; people are not downcast and despairing; you do not hear, on every side, as you did a month ago, speculations with regard to the overthrow of the Government, the collapse of the currency, and the recognition of the South. On the contrary, people seem cheerful and hopeful. The old calm confidence in the justice of our cause and in its ultimate triumph is reviving; bets are offered on the capture of Charleston and Vicksburg; we laugh at foreign sympathy with the rebels, instead of getting angry. Altogether the tone of public feeling is much changed within a month, and unquestionably for the better.

The change can be ascribed to no particular event. We have won no battles, conquered no territory, occupied no new strategic point. Our armies, under Rosecrans, Hunter, Hooker, Banks, and Grant, are about where they were a month or six weeks ago. The rebels, so far as we know, confront them as steadily, as defiantly as ever. Some almost unintelligible operations are going on in the West, by which we are expected to achieve substantial successes. But it is safe to say that the Yazoo expedition and the Lake Providence canal scheme are not in the least comprehended by the public at large, and have nothing to do with the increase of general cheerfulness.

Rather must we ascribe that increase, in the first place, to a natural reaction from the despondency which overwhelmed us after the defeats at Fredericksburg and Vicksburg. Those disasters, exaggerated by popular indignation and party spite, filled the public mind with dismay, and when, on their heels, traitors at the North and West threatened to divide the loyal States, and to organize a party "in favor of a vigorous prosecution of peace" on a proslavery basis, the hearts of loyal men sank within them, and gloom overspread the whole republic. Fortunately the spirits of the Anglo-Saxon are too elastic to remain long depressed. A few weeks convinced us that the armies led by Hooker and Grant, though beaten, were as full of fight as ever; and a further brief period developed the equally important fact that the Copperhead traitors had no followers to speak of, and that the masses of the Northern Democracy were heartily loyal to their country. These two discoveries dispelled, in great part, the apprehensions which had saddened the public during the month of January, and laid the foundation for restored confidence.

Many minor causes have contributed to the same result. It is not too much to say that the emphatic indorsement, by such sterling democrats as John Van Buren and James T. Brady, of the recent legislation in Congress, has demolished at a blow the factious opposition which was being organized for the purpose of preventing the Government from prosecuting the war. If these men approve, who shall cavil? In like manner, the recent inquiry which has arisen in Europe for American securities has raised their value in the eyes of our own people. If these foreigners, who know so little about our country, and whose newspaper and political guides so systematically traduce us, are willing to lend their money to the United States Government, what Northern man shall be base enough to question its solvency? Nor have the recent demonstrations of sympathy in England been without their effect in strengthening the backbone of the timid here. These Englishmen of the middle classes seem to have no doubt of our ultimate success. Shall they have more faith than we?

Meanwhile waifs and estrays of news from the South tend to encourage the belief that the Jeff Davis despotism is tottering to its fall. Gold is worth 350 in Richmond, which implies an utter want of confidence in the revolutionary paper. Were gold worth 350 here, we could not carry on the war for sixty days. At Mobile, according to their own newspapers, people are starving to death. A committee of the rebel Congress has been appointed to inquire into the causes of the alarming scarcity of food, and it is understood that it ascribes the fact to the failure of the crops. But a Charleston paper more justly charges the disaster upon the reckless manner in which the conscription act has been carried out. Jeff Davis has been so determined upon military success that he has not left labor enough on the plantations to raise food. A bitter feeling of discontent and insubordination seems to be cropping out in various parts of the South, and the indications justify the belief that a decided Northern victory would at once be followed by counter-revolutionary movements in favor of the Union in several of the insurrectionary States.

All these matters have had their share in strengthening confidence and cheering men's spirits at the North. But the principal cause of the improvement in public feeling has been, we doubt not, that abiding confidence in the tenacity and perseverance of our race with which every one of us is imbued. Like our fathers, the English, we are slow to fight, and most egregious blunderers at the art of war. But, like them, when we do fight, we are terribly in earnest, and fight on, through good and evil fortune, "never knowing when we are whipped," never relaxing our efforts in consequence of partial successes or partial defeats, never doubting in our own strong hearts of our ultimate success, and never for an instant calling off the dogs of war until the object for which we fight has been thoroughly accomplished.

THE WEALTH OF OUR COUNTRY.

WHEN this war broke out the leading organs of British and other European opinion declared that the contest would speedily come to an end if the capitalists of Europe refused to lend their means to the combatants. In Europe, and especially in England, the notion prevailed that there was no money here, and that the prosecution of enterprises, peaceful or belligerent, depended on the supply of funds from abroad.

A similar notion obtained in this country also. In Wall Street, when a railway or a canal or a steamship line was projected, the first question mooted was, will the bonds or the stock sell in England? It was commonly believed that we had no capital in this country, and that the development of our resources was dependent on the supply of money from foreign parts.

We have now been at war nearly two years, and until within a couple of months our Government has not obtained a dollar from abroad. During that period our people have absorbed, paid for, and hold, 1*st*, about $70,000,000 of long 6 per cent. bonds; 2*d*, about $160,000,000 of 7.30 notes; and 3*d*, some $175,000,000 of one year 6 per cent. debt certificates—in all, over $400,000,000 of Government securities, exclusive of legal tender currency. In other words, the people of the United States have in the course of eighteen months taken and paid for as many Government stocks as all Europe took from us from 1853 to 1861. Nor is this all. While our people were absorbing these Government securities, the foolish capitalists of Europe, deluded by the London *Times* and other leading organs of foreign opinion into believing that this country was on the verge of absolute ruin, were selling all the American securities they held, and our people were absorbing them. Over $200,000,000 of American stocks—Federal, State, County, City, and Railway—came here for sale between New Year 1861 and New Year 1863, and all found a market.

Yet this vast flood of old and new securities has led to no decline in prices. All the 6 per cent. and 7.30 securities of the United States Government are above par. All railway bonds in good repute sell at a substantial premium.

The inference is irresistible—this country is much richer than was ever supposed. The notion that we were dependent on Europe for capital is exploded. It is doubtful whether any European nation could have absorbed as large an amount of funded securities as our people have absorbed in the past eighteen months. The United States—whose wealth in proximate and ultimate resources has never been questioned—has developed during the present struggle a wealth in actual and immediate money means far beyond any thing that any one had ever dared to expect, and, in all probability, beyond any thing which the richest foreign nation in the world could hope to surpass.

THE LOUNGER.

FROM A DIARY.

THE Lounger continues his extracts from the Diary of which he spoke last week, and which, he is glad to know, is not without interest and significance to many readers. The writer of the Diary, in a private note to the Lounger, insists upon a careful avoidance of every thing that may not with propriety be published, confiding entirely, however, in the discretion of the editor.

The other evening, at a little party at ——'s, the conversation lurched gradually upon the inevitable topic. Every body talked about the war, and every body avoided the colored man as long as possible. But at length Triptolemus remarked, in his lofty and rather insolent manner, to Cato:

"Well, well; now let us finish up the war, and save the Union without any further allusion to our sable brethren."

There was a momentary pause; then Cato dryly said, "If we had let the negro alone, he would always have let us alone. We began it."

Triptolemus replied, tartly, "I don't see it."

"If you don't like pumpkins," answered Cato, "you had better not plant pumpkin-seed. If we don't want negroes at every turn, why were they brought? They, at least, are not responsible for being here."

"Pshaw!" retorted Triptolemus; "I am sick of the inevitable Sambo. I have been at the South, Cato; I have seen the blacks, and I know that they are fit only for slaves."

"Possibly," answered Cato. "But I have been at the South too, and I have seen the whites, and I know that they are not fit for masters."

Triptolemus dropped the conversation.

Jones met John Bull, who dined at his Consul's in honor of the Prince's marriage.

"Was the public report of the feast correct?" asked Jones.

"Certainly."

"Then you had a cold dinner, eh?"

"Cold? Bless my soul, what d'ye mean? Cold? It was jolly—jolly!"

"But I never knew any thing quite so cool as the way in which the President's health was proposed."

"Why, bless my soul, what d'ye mean?"

"Mean? Why, Bull, look here. You are all living and trading in this country, protected by its laws. Its Government, to which your Consul owes his exequatur, is menaced by a rebellion. You dine in its chief city. You toast your Queen. All right. You toast your Prince. All right. You toast the Danish Consul, with a splendid flourish for Denmark. All right. Then, with a kindly pity, with a sublime condescension, you pat this country upon the back: 'You poor devil! you're gone to pot, of course; but it won't quite do to say nothing about you. Here, gentlemen, fill up! Society has some disagreeable duties. We are in the United States. 'Tis a fine country. Pity 'tis so distracted. But I do not wish to be too hard upon it. I can not forego giving you the President of the United States!'

"You think it distracted, do you? And how about the navy you are building for the distracting party? I wonder, Bull, if the excellent gentleman who, upon such an occasion, 'could not forego' proposing the most obvious and commonplace honor to the President, has a long memory about this same matter of privateering? I wonder if he remembers under what circumstances his predecessor vacated the British Consulate? Perhaps you have yourself forgotten. Well, his predecessor charged, during the Crimean War, that one of the most conspicuous and honorable merchants of New York was fitting out privateers for the Russian Government. The merchant thereupon, at an open meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, or upon 'Change, declared that no honorable American merchant would engage in such business. The matter did not rest. It was an insult to the mercantile community. It was carried up to the authorities. The exequatur was revoked, and the British Government requested to name an agent who would respect the fair fame of the community to which he was accredited. Countries differ, John. Do you think it would be an aspersion upon the honor of the British merchant to suggest that he was extensively engaged in privateering upon American commerce? And don't you think it an edifying spectacle, that of a commercial agent of his in the United States unable to 'forego' giving the health of the President?"

"Yes, yes," replied Bull; "that is the way with you Americans. You're too sensitive to live in this world. Your nerves are too easily touched."

"John," said Jones, "if our consul had said, at a dinner in London, that although he thought Englishmen were egregious zanies to pay the Prince of Wales half a million of dollars a year, but that, notwithstanding, he could not forego giving the health of the Queen—"

"By Jove, Sir, but you forget! The loyalty of a true Briton—"

"Yes, Sir, and by Jove *you* forget! The loyalty of a true American, who honors the representative of the national authority, is not a less noble and generous feeling than any thing you call loyalty. You needn't drink the President's health if you don't wish to. But in this country, Sir, if it be drunk at all, it must be with the same respect that we always show to your Queen; for the President represents the nation as the Queen does. Understand that the next time you marry a prince."

Jones went off and left Bull stammering.

Dined at ——'s. Some one said that Vallandigham ought to be sent to Fort Lafayette. The Doctor smiled. "Sent to Fort Lafayette? Why, I have no doubt Vallandigham is in the pay of the Government. He is of more service to us than an iron-clad. Vallandigham is a domestic *Monitor*. He is worth an occasional victory; for when we are not beating the enemy in the field he is scattering it at home. No, no; let us keep Fort Lafayette for those who hurt us."

HISTORY *VERSUS* PALMERSTON.

IN making his proposition to Parliament that half a million dollars should be annually paid to the Prince of Wales for his onerous services to the British nation, Lord Palmerston alluded to some of the other inestimable privileges enjoyed by Britons; and he congratulated his fellow-countrymen upon being free from an Oriental despotism upon the one hand, and upon the other from both the mob law and the governmental tyranny of a republic.

The Oriental despotisms must answer for themselves. But when my Lord says a republic he means the United States. Now the ferocity of our mob rule, and the gloomy rigors of our tyrannical Government at this moment, are known to all mankind. The English subjects now in New York are witnesses of our melancholy condition. But when the noble Lord speaks of Britain as free from mobs and legal rigors, he conveniently forgets to remember the history of his country. The mob is a British institution. A hundred and fifty years ago the Duke of Newcastle kept a mob in pay to suppress Tory tumults. In 1779, as my Lord Palmerston will remember, if he chooses, the Gordon rioters had possession of London, and the kingdom was barely saved from civil war. In 1797 the Scotch riots upon the militia act will not have escaped his memory. The fearful famine mobs in 1800 in Birmingham and London; the manufacturing mobs in 1812; the peace mobs of 1816; incidents familiar to the most superficial knowledge of British history, are all mobs with which the republic, whose mob rule Lord Palmerston so deprecates, has nothing to offer in comparison.

Still more striking is his Lordship's lapse of memory in respect to the rigors of the Government in time of war, at which, as exhibited in this country, his Lordship shrugs his Lordship's shoulders. Surely he has not forgotten that in 1794, when

Great Britain was at war with France, there were clubs formed in London which preached doctrines considered dangerous by the Government. Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister, said that "in times of apprehended rebellion" it had been usual to suspend the *habeas corpus* act, and he introduced, and Parliament passed, a bill to secure and detain all who were suspected of designs against the Government without the relief of the *habeas corpus*. Lord Palmerston will concede that that was a rather vigor us measure.

In the year 1795 Great Britain had been three years at war with France. The British people were tired and discontented. London swarmed with "declamatory lecturers," as they were called, who told their audiences that courts and ministers made wars that they might wallow in luxury while the people were starved and enslaved. At one meeting of this kind in London fifty thousand people were present. The excitement grew, and the King was stoned as he went to Parliament. Thereupon, as Lord Palmerston, speaking of legal rigors, will remember, a bill was passed making any act "*tending*" to the harm of the King or his heirs high treason, and making the incitement of dislike to the Government, by word or deed, a high misdemeanor. There was also a bill passed to prevent seditious meetings—that is, meetings to discuss in a hostile spirit the policy of the Government. Any house opened for any political discussion without a license was to be fined a hundred pounds. Lord Palmerston thinks our Government intolerably despotic in time of war; but we have not quite reached the British point, have we, Honorable Vallandigham and ditto Wood?

So in 1798, also during a foreign war, the alien bill was revived, which obliged those who let lodgings to give accounts regularly to the Government of the foreigners in their houses, and which enabled the Government to detain foreigners, and prevent aliens at its discretion from landing in England. The bill for detaining suspected persons was also renewed; and in 1817, in the happy days of the ever-glorious Prince Regent, all these acts were revived and the *habeas corpus* suspended, in expectation of domestic trouble, and when there was no war.

These little facts have not escaped history, although Lord Palmerston omits to remember them; and when he thanks God that Englishmen are not as other men are in the matter of mob law and arbitrary acts of Government, and especially not like this Republican country, he does no credit to his historical training. We refer to the facts merely as illustrations of the British practice of arbitrary laws. And the radical difference between all such measures here and in every other country is, that here they are the acts of the people themselves for the security of their liberties, and elsewhere, as was the case in England, they are the acts of a governing class to subdue the people.

THE HOSPITAL REGISTER.

IN describing, last week, a visit to the United States Military Hospital at West Philadelphia, the Lounger mentioned the pretty little paper, the *West Philadelphia Hospital Register*, published there by and for the soldiers. It is edited as a labor of love by Dr. F. V. Hayden, whose name is familiar to every scientific scholar in the country as one of our most distinguished geologists, and who is now a surgeon in the United States service. The contributions are mainly written by the patients, and the type-setting and printing are all done by them in the hospital. Only some half dozen weekly numbers have been issued, and six hundred subscribers at a dollar will insure its continuance for a year and the supply of each patient with a copy. The visiting and resident surgeons take the warmest interest in the undertaking, and more than one of them is gravely suspected of surreptitiously sending communications for its columns. Thus we quoted last week a touching poem beginning:

"mi bak is stif and sore."

And in the same number there were some "Lines on an Autopsical Examination," of which the "subject" revealed the surgical artist. In like manner, in the third number, "The Anatomist's Ode to his Mistress" is a pathetic illustration of the conflict of physiology with poetry, of which the result is a drawn battle. We quote it at the end of this paragraph. "The Battle of Williamsburg" is a vivid chapter in the history of the Peninsular campaign, told by a soldier of the Second New Hampshire, in ward M; while "How Uncle Phineas arranged a Lawsuit," and "A Swim in the Mud," will be as pleasant prescriptions for the invalid soldier as he is like to get from the visiting surgeon.

Nothing partisan and no personal discussions will be admitted into the *Register*. The little paper is a kindly effort to alleviate pains earned in our service. Gentle reader, don't you wish it well one dollar's worth? If you do, eat your cake and have it. Send your dollar to the *West Philadelphia U. S. Hospital Register*.

Here is the poem. Mark how learnedly they make love in hospitals!

THE ANATOMIST'S ODE TO HIS MISTRESS.

I list as thy heart and ascending aorta
Their volumes of valvular harmony pour;
And my soul from that muscular music has caught a
New life 'mid its dry anatomical lore.

O rare is the sound when thy ventricles throb
In a systolic symphony measured and slow,
While the auricles answer with rhythmical sob,
As they murmur a melody wondrously low!

O thy cornea, love, has the radiant light
Of the sparkle that laughs in the icicle's sheen;
And thy crystalline lens, like a diamond bright,
Through the quivering frame of thine iris is seen!

And thy retina, spreading its lustre of pearl,
Like a far away nebula, distantly gleams
From a vault of black cellular mirrors that hurl
From their hexagon angles the silvery beams.

Ah! the flash of those orbs is enslaving me still,
As they roll 'neath the palpebrae, dimly translucent,
Obeying, in silence, the magical will
Of the oculo-motor—pathetic—abducent.

O sweet is thy voice, as it sighingly wells
From thy daintily quivering chordae vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells
Of the antrum, the ethmoid, and sinus frontales!

And stately the heave of thy maidenly breast,
As the swell of the billow swift rolling to land;
And as soft the vesicular sigh in thy chest
As the moan of the ripple that ebbs o'er the sand.

But, alas! 'tis with many forebodings I pen
Anatomical verses thy beauty to praise,
For I fear me my studies will never again
Bring the solace they had in my happier days.

Thou hast stolen the charm from my studio dim—
From dissection I turn with embittering wrath—
Thou hast stepped betwixt me and my skeletons grim—
Ah, lady! fair lady! why crossed ye my path!

THE COPPERHEAD PLAN.

ABOUT once a week there is a meeting of the Vallandigham club in the city of New York, which is addressed by Copperhead orators; at which resistance to the laws is inculcated; the President is hissed, and those who favor an unconditional suppression of the rebellion are denounced as niggerheads, fanatics, or by any other name that the speakers think most likely to inflame partisan hatred in favor of Jeff Davis and the men who are murdering our soldiers and trying to overthrow the Government.

At a recent meeting of the club Mr. Voorhees, a representative in Congress, made a speech, the point of which is in these words: "When the Government went outside of the limits of law, then force should be met by force." Such words have but one meaning and intention. They mean simply: "When the authorities do any thing which you do not like, then, my friends, arm and resist them. Jeff Davis is falling to fasting and praying. He has no longer any hope but in civil war at the North. The entire course of the Administration is unconstitutional and illegal. Therefore, good Copperheads, strike home."

But lest there should be any doubt what Mr. Voorhees means, Mr. Fernando Wood explains. He said on the same evening at Stamford, in Connecticut, that "the Conscription Act is unconstitutional, and if he were elected Governor of Connecticut not a man should be forced from the State by the act without walking over his dead body."

The New York *Herald* of the next morning vigorously set forth the exact consequences and character of this proposition of Mr. Voorhees as explained by Fernando Wood. Let every man who is in favor of the Union, of the national supremacy, and of obedience to law, consider it:

"When such reckless, bigoted, and narrow-sighted and brawling demagogues as Vallandigham and Pendleton of Ohio, Ben Wood, Booby Brooks, and their confederates, begin to preach the doctrine of resistance to President Lincoln and the doctrine of submission to Jeff Davis, it is at least due to the community that the tendencies of their absurd and dangerous instructions should be exposed. They counsel resistance to the laws. Let us suppose that here and there these Copperhead apostles of mob law succeed in securing a body of adherents resolved upon resistance to the conscription. The Government undertakes to enforce the law; a bloody collision ensues; the contagion of resistance spreads throughout the ranks of the party infected, and civil war, with all its fearful consequences, is inaugurated at our own doors. Under such a state of things what citizen's property, home, or life would be secure? What family would be safe from night to night against the intrusion of a gang of hungry ruffians and a wholesale spoliation? And with the loyal States in this horrible condition, how would it be possible to prevent the breaking up of our armies in the field, the occupation of the national capital by Jeff Davis, and the absolute destruction of the Government of the United States?"

THE *HABEAS CORPUS*.

GENTLEMEN who, in denouncing the bill relating to the *habeas corpus*, declaim about Charles First losing his head for disregarding the writ, etc., should be very sure of their history before beginning their orations. The revolution that killed Charles and banished his son James was completed by the coronation of William Third as King of England, and the law of England respecting the suspension of the *habeas corpus* was settled by a precedent in the first year of William's reign. In 1689, when Ireland was in open rebellion, a conspiracy against the King was discovered in England, and the leaders were arrested by order of William. He then at once applied to Parliament for advice, thereby acknowledging that the act must be approved by them. The House thanked him, empowered him to arrest for a limited time all persons whom he should have just cause to suspect, and *rejected* an amendment that it should never be made a precedent.

Thus the English law is that the privilege of the writ is to be suspended by the consent of the *whole* Government, executive and legislative. Or, as Blackstone states it: "It is Parliament only, or legislative power, that, whenever it sees proper, can authorize the Crown, by suspending the *habeas corpus* act for a short and limited time, to imprison suspected persons without giving any reason for so doing.......The nation parts with its liberty for a while in order to preserve it forever."

The English practice has been that in the absence of Parliament, or even while it was in session, when the case demanded instant action, the ministers have suspended the privilege of the writ, and then asked the consent of Parliament, whose authority upon the subject is conceded to be supreme, and whose sanction is retrospective in its operation.

Mr. Lincoln's action has conformed exactly to the English precedent and to the tradition of constitutional liberty. In the absence of Congress, and in the extreme peril of the country, with the plain provision of the Constitution before him which allows the suspension without naming the suspending power, he did exactly what William Third, what any clear-sighted and honest supreme executive officer, would instinctively have done. At the same time he summoned Congress, and directly upon its assembling laid the case before them in a few words of simple good sense, which we reproduce here as most timely and most wise, and indicative of that candor and sagacity which are not less remarkable in the President than his unswerving fidelity not only to the laws, but also, what is to us an unaccustomed spectacle in the administration of the presidential office, to the spirit of the laws.

"The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted, and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution even had it been perfectly clear that, by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty, that practically it relieves more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated? To state the question more directly, are all the laws *but one* to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces lest that one be violated? Even in such a case would not the official oath be broken, if the Government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that 'the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it,' is equivalent to a provision—is a provision—that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety *does* require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the writ which was authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the Executive, is vested with this power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which, or who, is to exercise the power; and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it can not be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that, in every case, the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together; the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion."

He then submits all necessary legislation upon the subject to "the better judgment" of Congress, and Congress has responded by the act which patriots of the Marshal Kane school declare to be subversive of all the liberties of the citizen. It does most emphatically subvert the liberty of the citizen to conspire against the unity and existence of the nation.

The whole question is most thoroughly and exhaustively discussed in Mr. Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SAILOR about being married, could not find change enough for the parson's fees. The reverend gentleman, unwilling to tie the couple without the accustomed fee, demurred. Jack, placing his hand in his pocket, drew out a few shillings, saying, "Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

A colonel was boasting that he had sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said, "Vell, Jake ish a shmart fellow; he can vip his own taddy."

What is that which belongs to yourself yet is used by every body?—Your name.

Some unknown cholera reporter states that a lady who had *died* of cholera in Sandusky City, and was laid out by her friends, was found the night following standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickles, or in other words,

"They left her 'a laying in' white,
Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers;
But they found her the very same night,
A *laying* in pickled cucumbers."

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor one day of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

Hearing something said the other day about a "mosquito fleet," our youngest jester remarked that "he supposed the grappling-irons aboard the fleet were called the galley-nippers."

A Frenchman once saw a gentleman walk up to an open snuff-box in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff, having prefaced the act with the words, "May I take the liberty?" On the next day the Frenchman went into a tobacco shop and asked for half a pound of liberty.

A son of the Emerald Isle, telling his adventures in America, said, "The first feathered bird I ever saw in Ameriky was a forkentine. I treed him under a haystack, and shot him with a barn-shovel; the first time I shot him I missed him, and the second time I hit him where I missed him before."

The nearest a certain man in this city ever approached to luck was to find a counterfeit note on a broken bank. He thinks that if any body else had found it it would have been a gold piece.

The young man who, goaded by the memory of his wrongs, and saddled with a load of debt, gave the reins to his evil passions, has been collared by a policeman, and will soon be brought to the halter.

There are pretended patriots who will hold any thing except their tongues; keep any thing except their word; and lose nothing patiently except their character.

"I think," said Mr. Thackeray, "I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to Dean Swift for a guinea and a dinner."

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies?—You sit upon forms and stand upon ceremonies.

If I kiss you by mistake,
What war weapon do I make?—A blunderbuss.

What nations will always be cannibals?—The Manchew Tartars.

Why is a schoolmaster like an engine-driver?—One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

What is the most indigestible supper?—To bolt the street door just before going to bed.

The man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

"I'll let you off easy this time," as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The man under the gallows, about to be swung off, would like to have "the last tie" severed.

"No more at present," as the extinguisher said to the candle.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is irrational,
My second is rational,
My third mechanical,
And my whole scientific.
Horse-man-ship (horsemanship).

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?
Because it is the centre (scenter).

Why is it dangerous to go into a cathedral?
Because there is a great cannon (canon) in the desk, a minor cannon (canon) in the stall, and the bishop is charging the congregation.

One word of four letters:
If you transpose what lasses wear,
'Twill plainly show what bad ones are;
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do;
Transpose the letters yet again,
What bad men are you'll then explain.
Veil—vile—Levi—live—evil.

What trade is like the sun?
A tanner.

Why should you be wide awake on the railroad?
Becaus he train goes over sleepers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE extra session of the Senate closed on 14th. A large number of nominations were confirmed, but no other public business was done.

THE INUNDATION IN THE WEST.

General M'Clernand's troops have been compelled to embark for Milliken's Bend, sixteen miles above Vicksburg, owing to high water. Recent operations at Lake Providence and elsewhere resulted in inundating more than one hundred miles of Louisiana territory, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property. The rebel guerrillas suffered fearfully by the flood. In fact, they were completely driven out.

GENERAL HUNTER ABOUT TO MOVE.

General Hunter's army at Port Royal is about to move on some important expedition, if we can judge from the order just issued by the Commanding General to his soldiers; in which he says that after long and weary delays, due to causes over which no one in his department had control, they have at length the cheering prospect of active and very important service.

REBEL PROPOSAL FOR PEACE.

A resolution was offered on the 11th instant in the Congress of the Confederacy by Mr. Conrad, proposing terms of peace, and was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. In effect it provides that "the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States do therefore resolve that they will cordially co-operate with the Executive in any measures it may adopt, consistent with the honor, the dignity, and independence of these States, tending to a speedy restoration of peace with all or with any of the States of the Federal Union."

A LOYAL GOVERNOR.

Governor Cannon, of Delaware, has just issued an important proclamation on the subject of "illegal arrests," ignoring State rights altogether, and placing the Federal above them. The proclamation is called forth by the passage of an act in the Assembly to prevent illegal arrests in that State, and the Governor says: "I enjoin upon the good people of this State that they hold true allegiance to the Government of the United States as paramount to the State of Delaware, and that they obey the constituted authorities thereof before the Legislature of the State of Delaware or any other human authority whatsoever."

A PRIVATEER ON THE PACIFIC.

A fast schooner was boarded in San Francisco harbor on 15th by the United States authorities, and detained as a privateer. About twenty Secessionists were found on board, well armed, together with six brass Dahlgren guns, with carriages suitable for use on shipboard. Correspondence found on the persons of the prisoners will lead to other arrests.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY IN PARLIAMENT.

ON 24th ult., in the House of Lords, Earl Russell alluded to the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and requested Lord Stratheden to postpone until the 2d inst. a motion which he had given notice of for the production of copies of all dispatches from Mr. Mason to her Majesty's Government on the claim of the Southern Confederacy to be acknowledged as an independent power by Great Britain, to which request Lord Stratheden acceded. Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, in reply to a question as to whether there was any correspondence between her Majesty's Government and the Emperor of the French relative to the offer of mediation between the Federal and Confederate States, and if so, whether there was any objection to lay it on the table of the House—and also if the Government was aware that any replies on the subject had been received by the Emperor of the French from the Federal Government—answered that the only official document on the subject was a dispatch from Lord Russell on the 13th of November to Lord Cowley, in a reply to a verbal communication from the French Embassador. That document was already on the table of the House. With regard to any reply that might have been received by the Emperor of the French, that would be a matter between the American Government and the French Minister at Washington, and he did not see how he could answer the question.

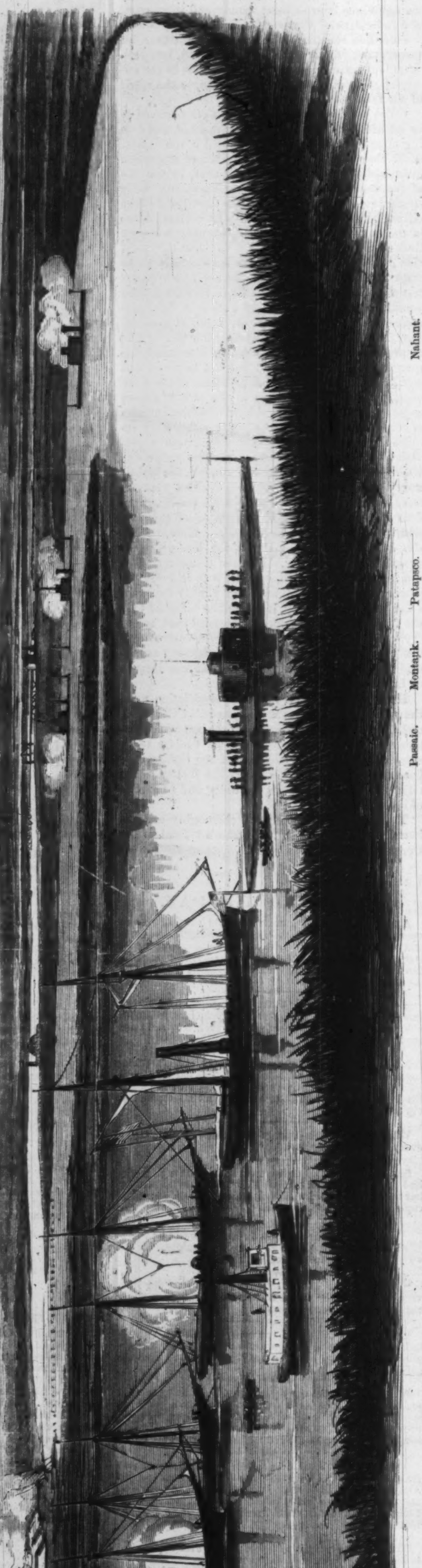
THE FOOD SHIPS.

The arrival of the American food ships *Achilles* and *Griswold* was the cause of a great demonstration in Manchester. A large meeting was held, and an address of thanks adopted to the captain and officers of the *Griswold*. The speeches expressed the fullest sympathy with the North. The captain of the British frigate *Majestic* also entertained the officers of the *Griswold* at a grand banquet on board his vessel in the Mersey. Captain Inglefield, of the *Majestic*, proposed the health of the President, and said that he did so not only because the President was the chief of a great nation, but because of his undaunted perseverance in prosecuting the war with the object of establishing a constitutional government.

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The Polish insurrection is exciting great attention in the Cabinets of the leading Powers. It is announced from Cracow that the Russians had been defeated by the Poles after an engagement which lasted five hours. The town of Malagoszee, near which the battle took place, has been reduced to ruins. The insurgents appear to be carrying on operations with great activity and enterprise.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT M'ALLISTER BY THE IRON-CLAD FLEET.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON BOARD THE "MONTAUK."]

JIM WILLIAMS.

JIM WILLIAMS, whose portrait we publish on this page, is of small, compact stature, twenty-six years of age, was born in the District of Columbia, from whence he was sold about six years ago to Benjamin Barber, of Carroll Parish, Louisiana. Williams, learning the arrival of General M'Arthur's division at Lake Providence, left his master about the 1st of February last, and joined the army in the capacity of cook in the Ninety-fifth Illinois Regiment. On Tuesday, the 10th of February, learning that a scouting party had just gone out to make a reconnoissance in the neighborhood of his home, Williams determined to join them; and, borrowing a mule and musket, followed and overtook the party about five miles distant, and just before they fell into a rebel ambuscade of guerrillas, numbering about two hundred and fifty, who had left their horses in the rear, and, under cover of canebreaks and bushes, were reserving their attack until our advanced-guard of about forty infantry should be fairly within range. At this a volley was discharged by the rebels which prostrated one quarter of our men; the remainder charged bayonets and drove the rebels from their shelter. Now commenced a running fight. Jim Williams dashed to the front and swept on about one hundred and fifty yards in advance. When under cover of a tree he commenced firing; this started up three guerrillas a short distance from him. The wily scout, observing them rise, leveled his musket and demanded their surrender, upon which two threw down their arms; the third, at the same instant, fired at Williams, the ball cutting off his belted knife. Williams returned the fire, sending a ball through the head of the rebel and killing him instantly. He then brought in his two prisoners with their guns, one of which he was allowed to keep as a proof that negroes can fight. The little party of forty succeeded in dispersing the rebels and taking thirty-one prisoners before the remainder of the troops arrived.

On returning to camp a guerrilla scout was observed by the quick eye of Williams a quarter of a mile off. He darted after him like a hound for his prey. The rebel waited the onset, when Williams, coming within about fifty yards, delivered an off-hand shot which sent the foe reeling on his horse's neck, crying "O God! I'm shot."

Williams is very anxious to raise a company of negroes for scouting service, and said to the writer of this, on leaving him a few days since, "I am willing to work, but would rather fight." General M'Arthur, who appreciates true bravery without regard to color, holds him in the highest estimation, and freely gives him the post of honor in scouting the swamps of Louisiana.

It is the opinion of the gentleman who furnishes the above account, derived from personal observation in that region, that a force of ten thousand able-bodied negroes could be raised within thirty days if any effort were made for that purpose.

UNION JIM.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

A STRAGGLER.

WE illustrate herewith a very familiar personage to our armies. Mr. Waud, the author of the sketch, writes:

"This sketch, taken in a little country store, is a fair representation of a class which increases with great rapidity when the army is on the move. With worn-out clothes, mournful looks, and dirty persons, they beg or steal as occasion offers, carefully avoiding their regiments, where they can get all needful supplies, for fear they should be given something to do. They generally travel in little squads, some of whom have thrown away or sold their arms and knapsacks—sleeping in barns or camping out in by-places, for which the modern shelter-tent affords great facilities, being so easily transported and pitched. Sometimes they want for food, but more often live on the fat of the land, begging or buying bread, and stealing poultry, meat, vegetables, and so forth. Where it is safe they do a good deal of bullying; in the vicinity of guards they assume a dejected air, usually counterfeiting lameness to get the charity of the country folk.

"A more efficient provost guard would remedy this crying evil in the army, it being a noticeable fact that not till after a new country has been subjected for days to pillage at the hands of straggling scoundrels is any effort made to do away with the evil, although a private citizen is liable to arrest or detention in the most absurd places."

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.

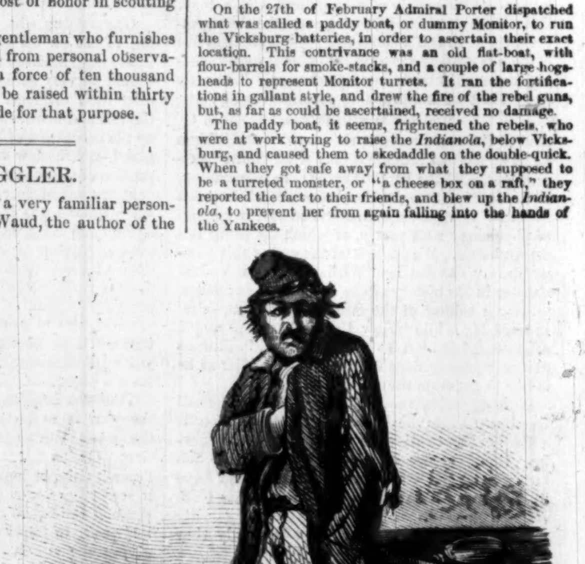
WE publish on next page a portrait of the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, now the wife of the Prince of Wales, from a bust lately executed in London. She wears an ancient Egyptian brooch, presented by the Prince by the Pasha of Egypt, and valued at some enormous sum. The lady, it will be seen, is beautiful enough to justify Lord Palmerston's encomium; it will be her own fault if she be not happy. No girl in our day has commenced life under more promising auspices.

BACHE'S QUAKER.

WE illustrate herewith the exploit of "BACHE'S QUAKER" on the Mississippi, at which the whole West is shaking its sides with laughter. After the loss of the *Indianola*, it seems, Admiral Porter and his officers were at their wit's-end for some device to repair the loss. The *Herald* correspondent says:

On the 27th of February Admiral Porter dispatched what was called a paddy boat, or dummy Monitor, to run the Vicksburg batteries, in order to ascertain their exact location. This contrivance was an old flat-boat, with flour-barrels for smoke-stacks, and a couple of large hogsheads to represent Monitor turrets. It ran the fortifications in gallant style, and drew the fire of the rebel guns, but, as far as could be ascertained, received no damage.

The paddy boat, it seems, frightened the rebels, who were at work trying to raise the *Indianola*, below Vicksburg, and caused them to skedaddle on the double-quick. When they got safe away from what they supposed to be a turreted monster, or "a cheese box on a raft," they reported the fact to their friends, and blew up the *Indianola*, to prevent her from again falling into the hands of the Yankees.


A STRAGGLER.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

In reference to this the Jackson *Mississippian* had the following:

The destruction of the *Indianola* was a most unnecessary and unfortunate affair. The turreted monster proved to be a flat-boat, with sundry fixtures to create deception. She passed Vicksburg Tuesday night, and the officers believing she was really a turreted monster, blew the *Indianola* up, but the guns fell into the hands of the enemy.

The Vicksburg *Whig* of 5th says:

We stated a day or two since that we would not enlighten our readers in regard to a matter which was puzzling them very much. We alluded to the loss of the gun-boat *Indianola*, recently captured from the enemy. We were loth to acknowledge she had been destroyed, but such is the case. The Yankee barge sent down the river last week was reported to be an iron-clad gun-boat. The authorities, thinking that this monster would retake the *Indianola*, immediately issued an order to blow her up. The order was sent down by courier to the officer in charge of the vessel. A few hours afterward another order was sent down countermanding the first, it being ascertained that the monstrous craft was only a coal-boat; but before it reached the *Indianola* she had been blown to atoms—not even a gun was saved. Who is to blame for this folly, this precipitancy? It would really seem as if we had no use for gun-boats on the Mississippi, as a coal-barge is magnified into a monster, and our authorities immediately order a boat that would have been worth a small army to us to be blown up.

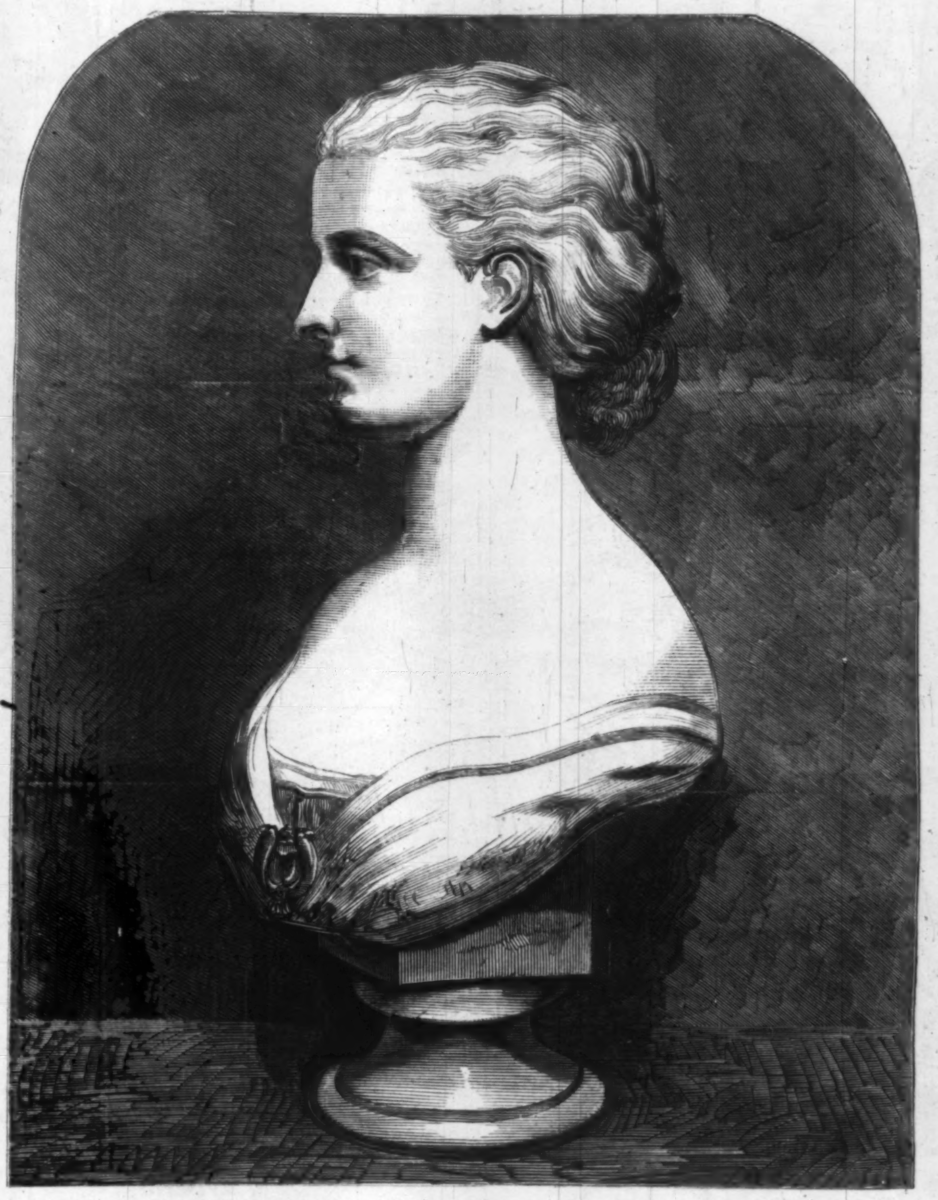
The New York *Times* publishes a letter from an officer, from which we extract the following:

Finding that they (the rebels) could not be provoked to fire without an object, I thought of getting up an imitation *Monitor*. Ericsson saved the country with an iron one—why could I not save it with a wooden one? An old coal-barge, picked up in the river, was the foundation to build on. It was built of old boards in twelve hours, with pork barrels on top of each other for smoke-stacks, and two old canoes for quarter-boats; her furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke and not steam.

Without knowing that Brown was in peril, I let loose our *Monitor*. When it was descried by the dim light of the morn, never did the batteries of Vicksburg open with such a din; the earth fairly trembled, and the shot flew thick around the devoted *Monitor*. But she ran safely past all the batteries, though under fire for an hour, and drifted down to the lower mouth of the canal. She was a much better looking vessel than the *Indianola*.

When it was broad daylight they opened on her again with all the guns they could bring to bear without a shot hitting her *to do any harm*, because they did not make her settle in the water, though going in at one side and out at another. *She was already full of water.* The soldiers of our army shouted and laughed like mad, but the laugh was somewhat against them when they subsequently discovered the *Queen of the West* lying at the wharf at Warrenton. The question was asked, what had happened to the *Indianola*? Had the two rams sunk her or captured her in the engagement we heard the night before? The sounds of cannon had receded down the river, which led us to believe that Brown was chasing the *Webb*, and that the *Queen* had got up past him.

One or two soldiers got the *Monitor* out in the stream again, and let her go down on the ram *Queen*. All the forts commenced firing and signaling, and as the *Monitor* approached the *Queen* she turned tail and ran down river as fast as she could go, the *Monitor* after her, making all the speed that was given her by a five-knot current. The forts at Warrenton fired bravely and rapidly, but the *Monitor* did not return the fire with her wooden guns, but proceeded down after the *Queen of the West*. An hour after this the same heavy firing that we had heard the night before came booming up on the still air.



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, NOW THE WIFE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

This "booming" was the destruction of the *Indianola*.

The following is Admiral Porter's official account of the affair:

U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, YAZOO RIVER,
March 10, *via* MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE, 13th.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I have been pretty well assured for some time past that the *Indianola* had been blown up, in consequence of the appearance of a wooden imitation mortar, which the enemy sunk with their batteries. The mortar was a valuable aid to us. It forced away the *Queen of the West*, and caused the blowing up of the *Indianola*.

D. D. PORTER.

The Richmond *Examiner*, in a very grim way, thus pokes its fun at the rebels:

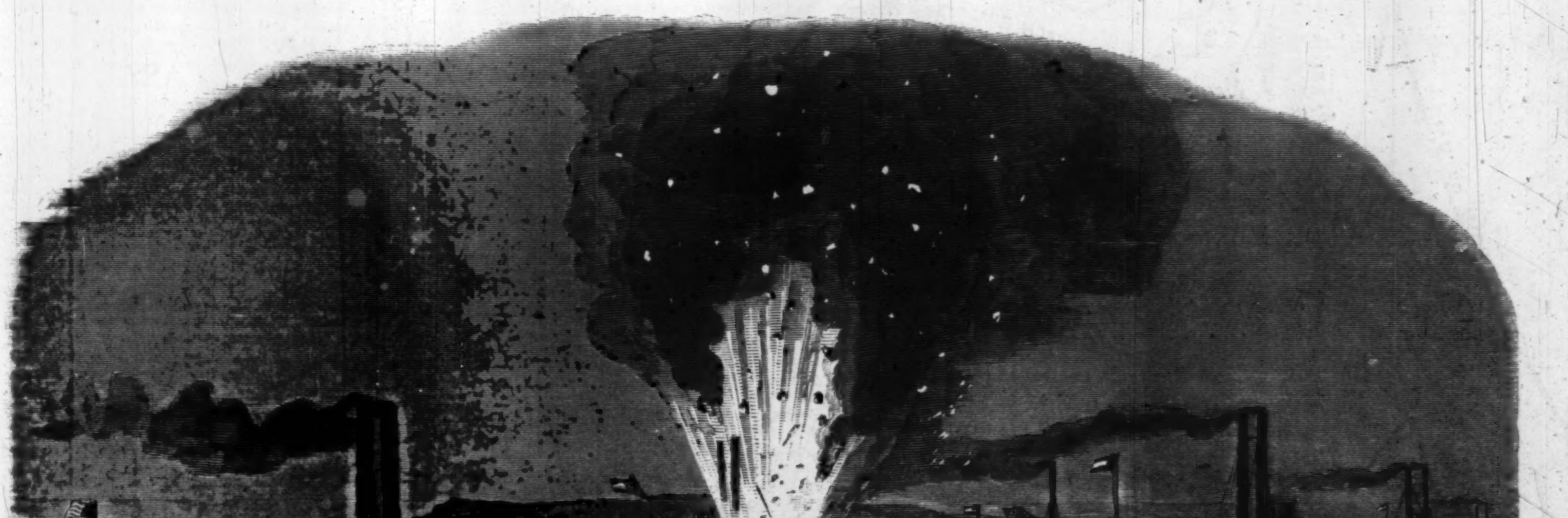
The reported fate of the *Indianola* is even more disgraceful than farcical. Here was perhaps the finest iron-clad in the Western waters, captured after a heroic struggle, rapidly repaired, and destined to join the *Queen of the West* in a series of victories. Next we hear that she was of necessity blown up, in the true *Merrimac*-Mallory style—and why? Laugh and hold your sides, lest you die of a surfeit of derision, O Yankeedom! Blown up because, forsooth, a flat-boat, or mud-scow, with a small house, taken from the back-garden of a plantation, put on top of it, is floated down the river, before the frightened eyes of the Partisan Rangers. A turreted monster!

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

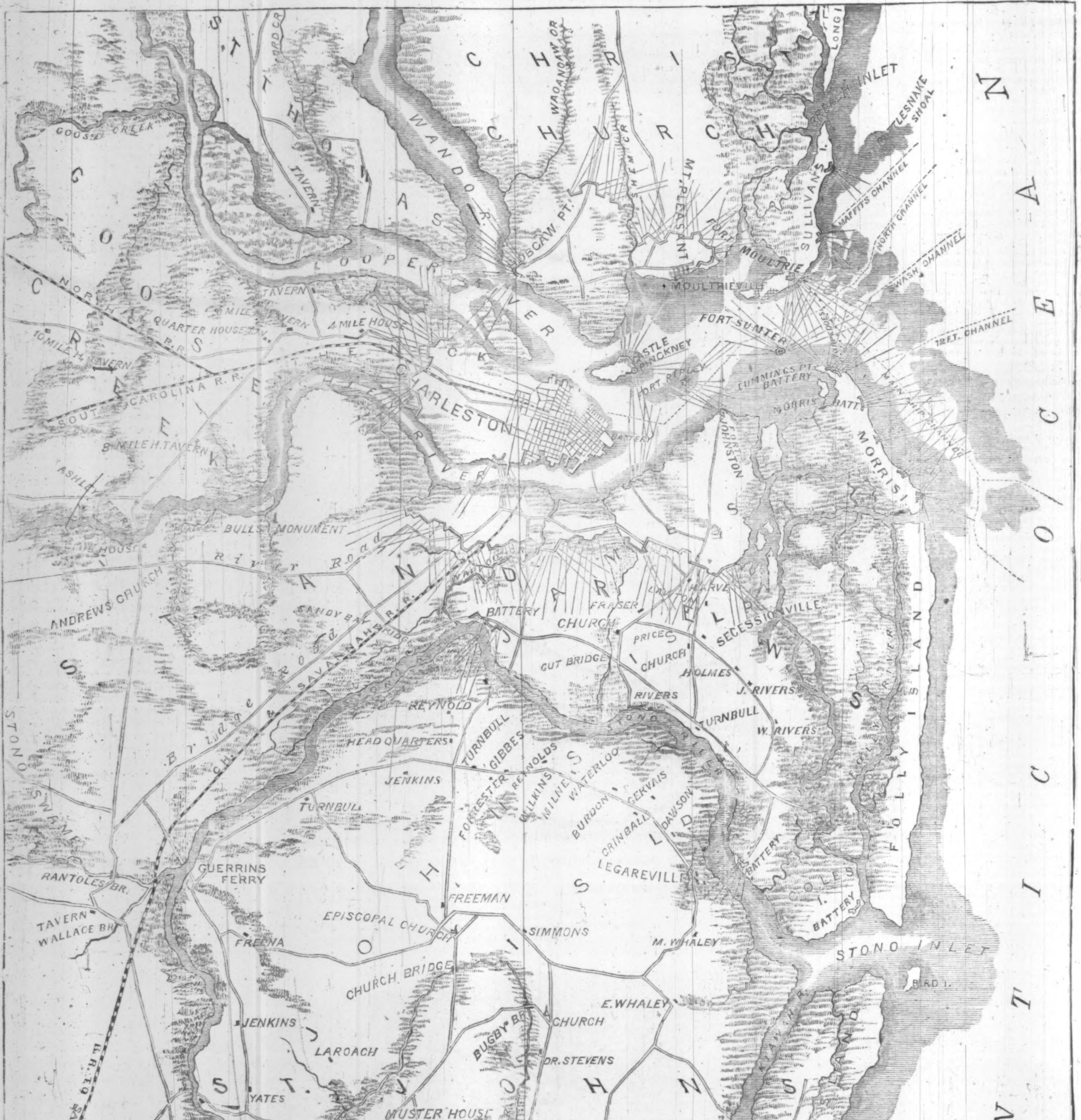
ON pages 200 and 201 we give two pictures from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. One of them shows us the course of the Rappahannock River looking toward Falmouth Station—a scene of unsurpassed loveliness, and which will hereafter be classic ground. Generations unborn will wander here to descry some memorial of the men who fought in these valleys and on those hills under Burnside and Hooker. For many miles on either side the river the landscape is dotted with tents, either of our troops or the enemy's; within a radius of ten miles round Fredericksburg it is probable that not less than 200,000 men are encamped. Many thousand brave men sleep under the sod there, with no stone to mark the spot where they died for their country. The forests whose beauty has survived the ravages of war are being thinned out for fuel: from morn till night the axe rings through the trees. The other picture represents WYNDHAM'S HORSE ON A SCOUT. Mr. Waud writes:

"Colonel Wyndham—or Sir Percy, as he is often called, being a member of a Sardinian order of knighthood, won by gallant conduct in the Italian campaign—has proved himself a dashing officer of cavalry in our service. Some of the long marches he has made, in all sorts of weather, are quite remarkable, and have gained him the same reputation among the rebels that Jebb Stuart has with our soldiers. His brigade travels very light, and many of them without shelter tents or blankets. After a forced march of from 50 to 90 miles in a day, they bivouac on the ground, till the bugles calling boot and saddle warn them to prepare for another rapid advance.

"The sketch represents the General marching down to Falmouth from Warrenton on a recent search after Stuart's cavalry. The roads are in such poor condition, that, as represented in the picture, the main body often strike across country from point to point."



"BACHE'S QUAKER" DRIVING THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST," AND CAUSING THE REBELS TO BLOW UP THE "INDIANOLA."—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



MAP OF CHARLESTON, S. C., SHOWING THE APPROACHES BY LAND AND WATER, THE REBEL BATTERIES AND LINES OF FIRE, ROADS, INLETS, PRINCIPAL PLANTATIONS, ETC. COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

HOW AN OFFICER MADE LOVE WHILE THE ENEMY MADE WAR.

JACOB H—— was a nice young man, who, on receiving his appointment as Lieutenant, devoted both time and thought to the proper development and cultivation of his mustache. I do not know that he was quite so particular about his regimental duties; and there were some awkward whispers about the disappearance of the standard which he bore in going into an action, but which he certainly did not carry out of it. He said, however, that it had been shot away, and there was nobody who could positively contradict the assertion; so he remained in the regiment, and at the appointed times went out on his appointed duties.

While the army lay before Fredericksburg, in the early part of December, the cavalry of the Left Grand Division picketed the country from Dumfries toward the Rappahannock. The line had been marked out by a staff-officer, whose judgment in such matters was very questionable, and only the most incessant watchfulness could secure the advance posts from surprise and capture. A multitude of woodland roads diverged in every direction, so that cavalry forces could easily get into the rear of the posts. The only thing was to be ready to take advantage of the same intricacy to escape and give the alarm. Every man must be alert to mount and fight and retreat at a moment's notice. Weapons must be at hand, and girths kept tight enough for service; for, surrounded by well-wishers to the rebellion, we had to contend against our ignorance of the rebel motions, while they were kept continually acquainted with ours.

Under these circumstances Lieutenant H——, with sixteen men, was posted on the road leading from Stafford to Dumfries; his Captain, with even a smaller party, taking a position to support him. Now there happened to live on that road, close to picket head-quarters, a certain Mrs. C——, the wife of a captain in the rebel artillery. This lady was young, and attractive enough to poor fellows in the army, cut off from all the charms of feminine society during most of the time. Then she was by necessity "a grass widow," and by inclination appeared ready to assume all the privileges of actual widowhood.

So, like a spider waiting for prey, she dwelt there in her house, watching the movements of our men.

Presently Jacob, who had been loitering round, thought that he had better see who lived in the house, and came gallantly up the hill. Mrs. C—— was all smiles and courtesy. She did not deny that she was Southern in heart. Her husband was in the Southern army, and she thought that he was right in being there. But it was hard for a poor lonely woman; and our soldiers were so rude. She would feel so much obliged if Lieutenant H—— would protect her. She would be very happy if he could take his meals at her house, for then the men would feel that they must not disturb her; and she was sure that a gentleman of Lieutenant H——'s appearance and manners would see that no harm was done. The poor foolish fly thought the spider a very charming creature, and could not see the web into which he was blundering. He accepted the invitation most cordially, thinking that he must certainly have produced an impression. With an air of hospitality, Mrs. C—— then ordered her horse to be saddled, telling H—— that she would go at once to a neighbor's and provide a pair of chickens for dinner, her own having been all stolen. H—— had already arrived at that point when he could see no objection to any thing which she proposed; and in the mean time he kept up an animated conversation, saying many tender things, and casting many enamored glances at his hostess. Of course he tangled himself more and more in the web, letting her find out just what she wished to know. She need not be afraid. She would not meet any of our troops. His were the only ones in that neighborhood, and his pickets were placed in such and such directions. So she rode off, and he returned to his post. While he was away his men, as will always be the case when an officer is not attentive, had removed their weapons, and some had even taken off their saddles. H——'s mind was too much engaged in thinking about the lady to take notice of things relating to his duty, and when his Captain rode up to visit the post he found every thing in this careless state. H—— forthwith received a stern reprimand, and a peremptory order to see that his men kept armed and their horses were saddled. For this time he obeyed the order; but by the time two reliefs had gone round all was again in the same condition.

What Mrs. C—— had been doing may easily be conjectured. She had only to take a short ride to her neighbor's, get the chickens, let fall information of our disposition, and return home as innocently as could be. The chickens had not been picked, however, before a clever negro was making his way with a note to the advance post of General Hampton. The chickens were very tender, the lady tenderer, the Lieutenant tenderest of all. He sat for some time after dinner, describing his military career, his hopes and disappointments, meeting with a delicate sympathy which he had never before received. When they parted it was only to be till tea-time, when the lady promised him some music. And now I am afraid that Jacob, even if he had had brains enough to think of his responsibilities, would have run the risk of capture in order to enjoy the society of a lady who evidently appreciated his excellent qualities far better than the vulgar souls with whom he associated in the regiment. *He* had met with a congenial spirit, and he looked forward with delight to his three days of picket duty, from which he was generally inclined to hang back. He went over in thought all that he had said, and all that she had replied, and constructed an imaginary conversation for the evening which would be still more delightful. He wondered what songs she would sing, and thought of the compliments he could subjoin to the most sentimental. In short, without knowing it, poor Jacob was already in love. The fly had got fatally entangled in the web.

As he walked up to supper an old colored woman met him at the door.

"Oh, Massa!" she whispered, "don't go in dar. Our sodgers come and cotch you, shu'!"

"What is that silly creature saying?" said her mistress, who had slipped out and overheard her speech. "She is always fancying the Southern troops are coming to fight you, ever since she was scared at Dumfries some time ago. I have been waiting for you, and it is very ungallant in you to prefer her conversation to mine!"

H—— hurried in, and was soon sipping coffee, and thinking it nectar—though it had come from his own haversack originally. The piano was then enlisted in the service, and Mrs. C—— was singing some of her sweetest songs with much expression. Suddenly she began to play a march with the full power of the instrument; and it was not until some minutes had passed by that H—— distinguished through the music the sound of the galloping of horse. Unfortunate Jacob! His sword was in the supper-room, where he had left it as he sat down. He rushed for it, and bearing it in his hand made for the door.

"I will trouble you for that!" said a manly voice; and Jacob had to render his weapon up to an officer in Confederate uniform who stood upon the threshold. Then, oh bitter mortification! he witnessed the charming Mrs. C—— rush from the parlor into this officer's arms; and he gnashed his teeth as several unmistakable kisses were given by those lips which had uttered such gentle sounds for him but a little while before! Could he believe his eyes and ears? She was actually laughing at him, joined by her husband!

"Take good care of him, Charlie!" she said. "You don't know how dangerous I found him!" And the aforesaid Charlie, bowing very low, thanked him in a tone of mock courtesy for the attention he had paid his wife; assuring him that he would repay it by carrying him on a little visit to his own camp. Poor Jacob could not find a word to reply. He was led off like a lamb; and, escorted by three hundred Southern cavalry, made his first reconnoissance of his own picket line. What was worse, on being exchanged he found that he had been summarily dismissed from service, with loss of all pay and allowances; and he has nothing now to do but to murmur at the injustice of the Government and the treachery of Southern women.

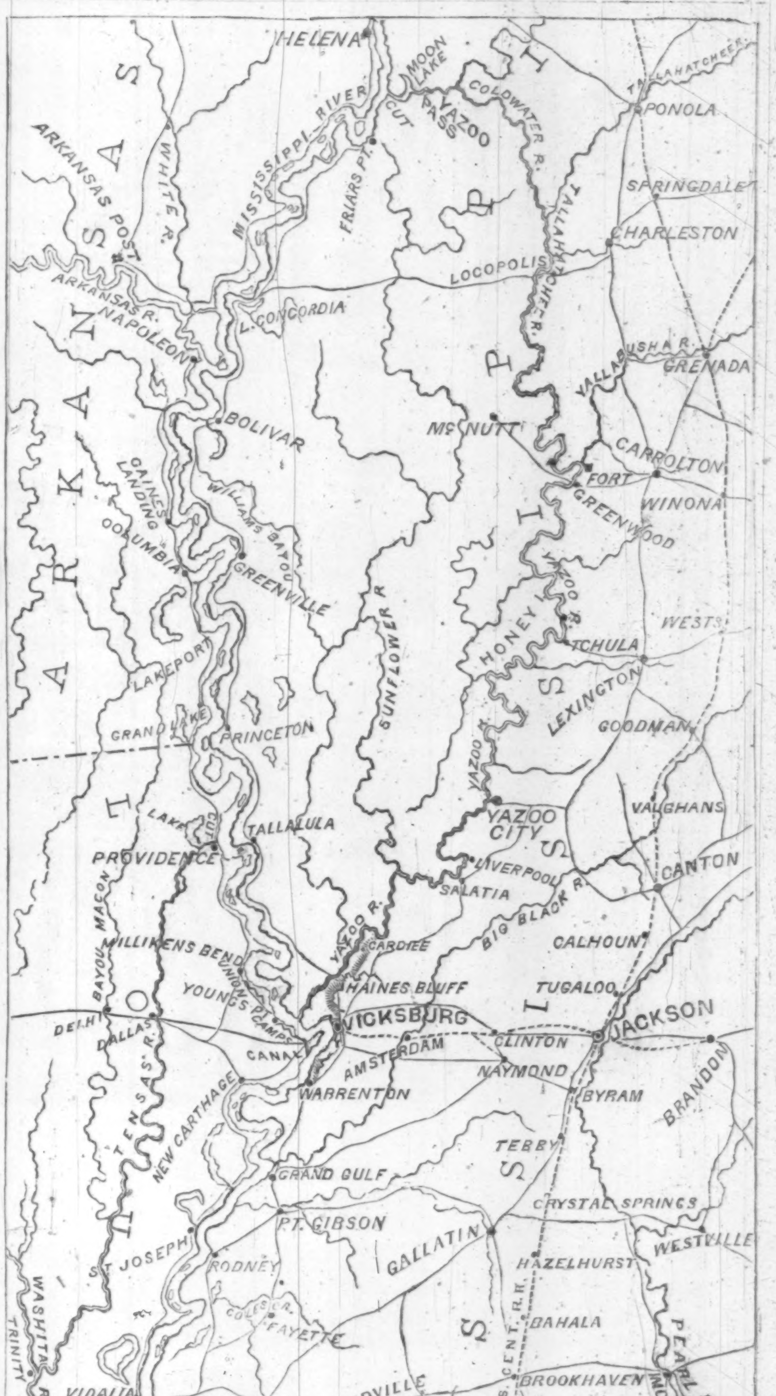
THE NEW OUTLET TO THE GULF.

ON this page we present a MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM HELENA, ARKANSAS, TO NEW ORLEANS, and also the lateral navigable streams on which, by means of short cuts through the levees of the great river, our gun-boats and transports can pass through the Confederate territory from Yazoo Pass to Vicksburg, and from Providence, which is sixty miles above Vicksburg, to Atchafalaya Bay, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, and thus be independent of the strong rebel positions of Vicksburg, Ellis Cliff, Fort Adams, and Port Hudson, until the 228 miles between the former and latter places (all now held of the 1090 miles which the Confederates once controlled) shall be opened to the uninterrupted navigation of Union vessels.

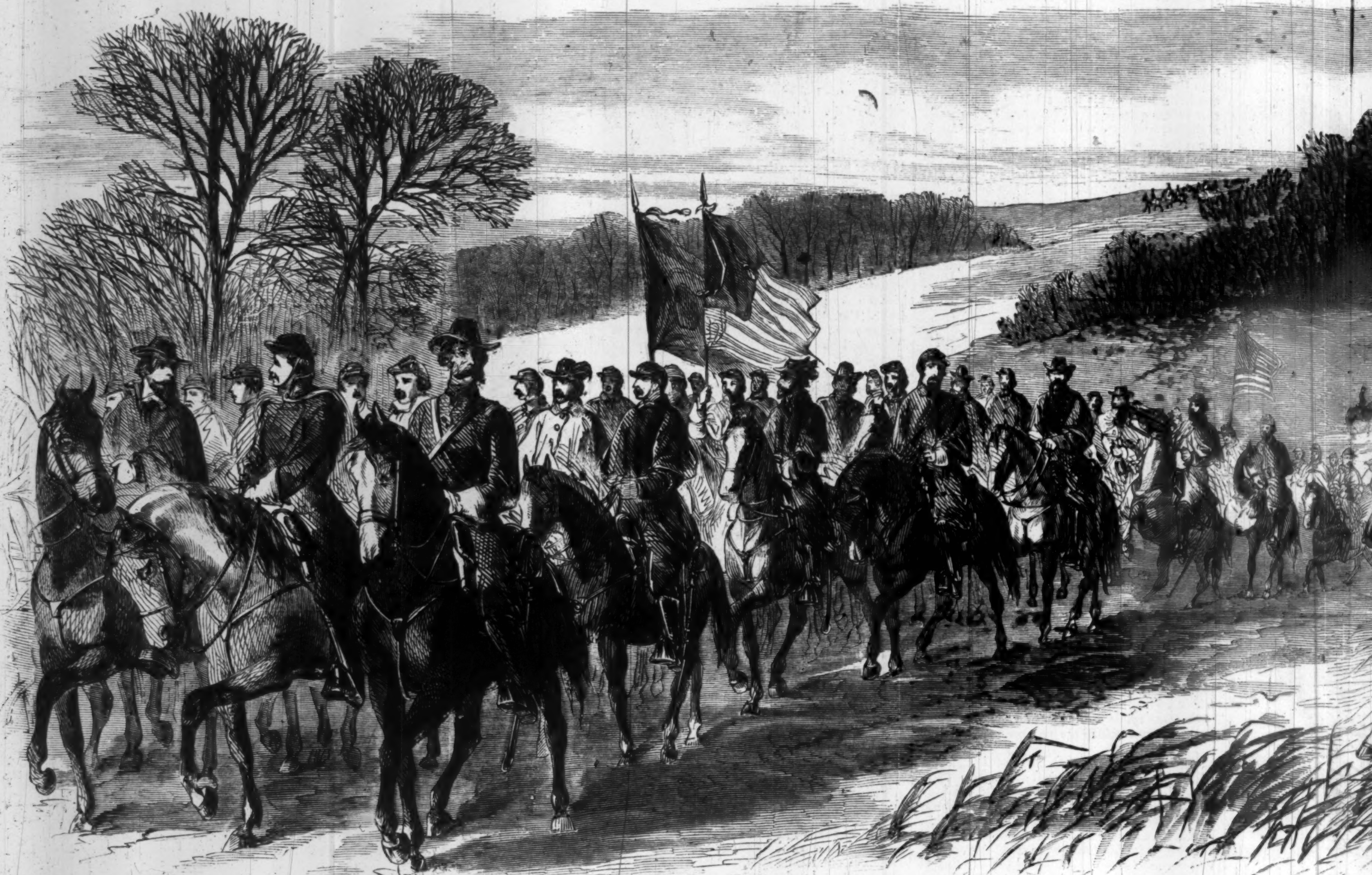
The navigation of these lateral rivers will give great military advantages to our armies, particularly that of the Yazoo, passing, as it does, through a very fertile region in the interior of Mississippi, also parallel to and not far distant from the Mississippi Central Railroad. By means of a short canal cut through the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, 8 miles below Helena and 326 miles from Cairo, and near where De Soto first stood on its bank, the waters of the river are let into Moon Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear water in the midst of forest trees. From this lake runs a rapid, crooked, and narrow stream, Yazoo Pass, uniting with the Coldwater River. This river, after a tortuous course of about 40 miles, empties into the Tallahatchee River, and this, about 50 miles farther south, unites with the Yallabusha River. These rivers together form the Yazoo—a river of fine navigable qualities, being deep, clear, and tranquil, and flowing through an extensive region of highly-productive cotton plantations. The only town of importance on its bank is Yazoo City, about 50 miles direct from Vicksburg. At the beginning of the rebellion the population of this town was over 3000, and upward of 100,000 bales of cotton were annually received here and sent by steamboats to New Orleans. The Yazoo River is the hiding-place for many of the rebel boats which have been driven from the Mississippi River. Haines's Bluff batteries command the navigation of this river a few miles above its entrance into the Father of Waters.

At Providence, on the west bank of the Mississippi River, 510 miles from Cairo and 450 from New Orleans, is a lake of the same name, the waters of which are several feet below the level of the river. From this lake the Bayou or River Tensas runs southwardly and enters the Washita or Ouchita River; this Washita about 50 miles farther south joins the Red River. The latter, a few miles below the junction, empties much of its waters into the Atchafalaya River. This river runs a devious course of about 200 miles, and empties most of its waters into a bay of the same name about 150 miles west of the mouths of the Mississippi. From Providence to the Gulf of Mexico, by this communication, it is a much shorter distance than by the course of the Mississippi River; and when the cut through the levee of the river at Providence is opened to the lake an immense volume of water will pour through, and not only deepen the channels of the Tensas and other rivers, but also flood an immense region of cotton plantations on the low flat banks of this new channel to the Gulf.

The fine dotted lines on the map show the main roads through the country represented, the heavier dotted lines the railroads.



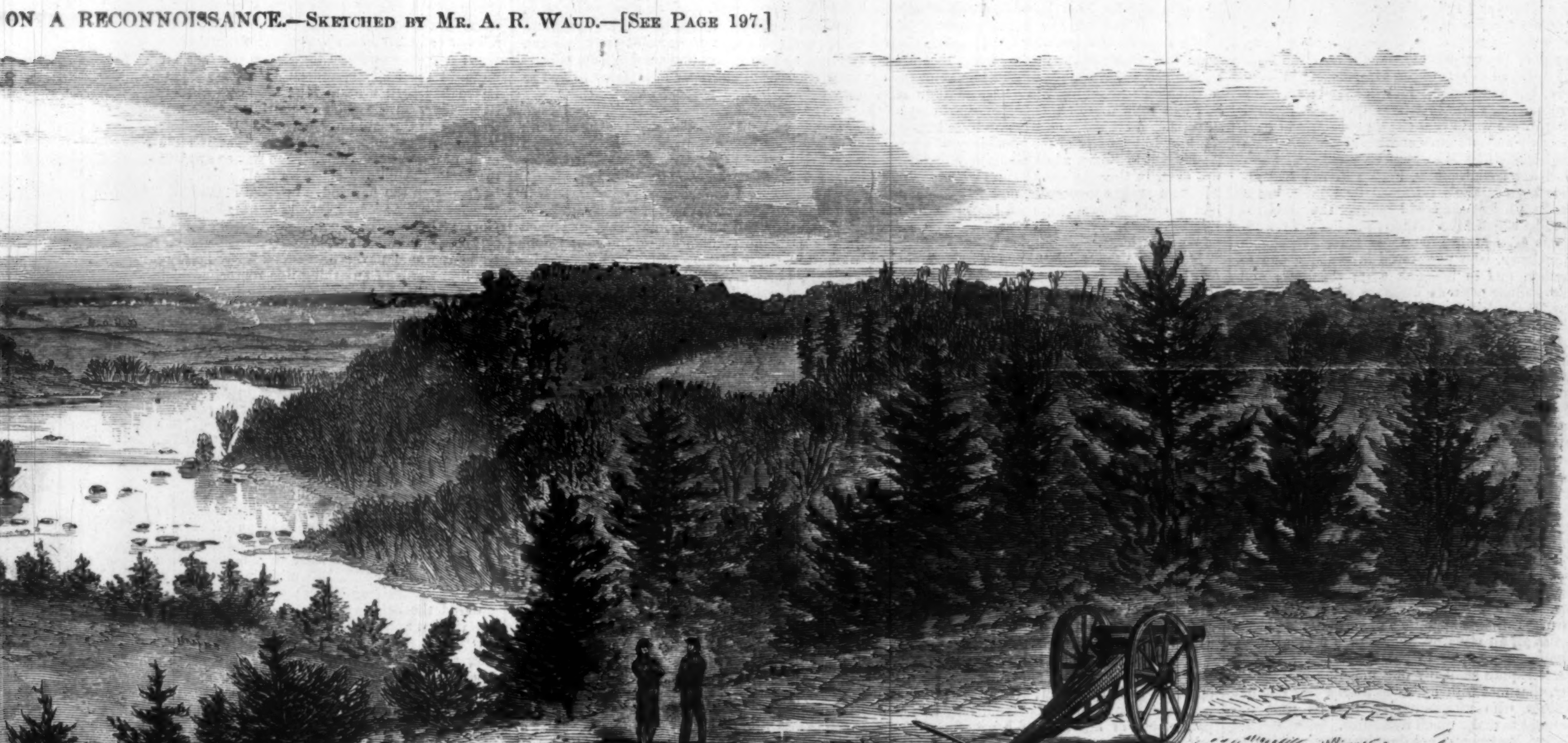
MAP SHOWING THE OPERATIONS OF THE YAZOO PASS EXPEDITION, AND THE PROPOSED NEW WATER LINE TO THE GULF.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—COLONEL WYNDHAM'S CAVALRY ON

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—VIEW OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK LOOKIN

ON A RECONNOISSANCE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 197.]



KING TOWARD FALMOUTH.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 197.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

ELLINOR grasped eagerly at the only pleasure that her money enabled her to give to the old man, and promised him that she would take care and buy the right to that particular piece of ground. This was evidently a gratification Dixon had frequently yearned after; he kept saying, "I'm greatly obleeged to ye, Miss Ellinor; I may say I'm truly obleeged." And when he saw them off by the coach the next day, his last words were, "I can not justly say how greatly I'm obleeged to you for that matter o' the church-yard." It was a much more easy affair to give Miss Monro some additional comforts; she was as cheerful as ever; still working away at her languages at any spare time, but confessing that she was tired of the perpetual teaching in which her life had been spent during the last thirty years. Ellinor was now enabled to set her at liberty from this, and she accepted the kindness from her former pupil with as much simple gratitude as that with which a mother receives a favor from a child. "If Ellinor were but married to Canon Livingstone, I should be happier than I have ever been since my father died," she used to say to herself in the solitude of her bed-chamber, for talking aloud had become her wont in the early years of her isolated life as a governess. "And yet," she went on, "I don't know what I should do without her; it is lucky for me that things are not in my hands; for a pretty mess I should make of them, one way or another. Dear! how old Mrs. Cadogan used to hate that word 'mess,' and correct her grand-daughters for using it right before my face, when I knew I had said it myself only the moment before! Well, those days are all over now. God be thanked!"

In spite of being glad that "things were not in her hands," Miss Monro tried to take affairs into her charge by doing all she could to persuade Ellinor to allow her to invite the Canon to their "little sociable teas." The most provoking part was that she was sure he would have come if he had been asked; but she could never get leave to do so. "Of course no man could go on forever and ever without encouragement," as she confided to herself in a plaintive tone of voice; and by-and-by many people were led to suppose that the bachelor Canon was paying attention to Miss Forbes, the eldest daughter of the family to which the delicate Jeannie belonged. It was, perhaps, with the Forbeses that both Miss Monro and Ellinor were the most intimate of all the families in East Chester. Mrs. Forbes was a widow lady of good means, with a large family of pretty, delicate daughters. She herself belonged to one of the great houses in ——shire, but had married into Scotland; so, after her husband's death, it was the most natural thing in the world that she should settle in East Chester; and one after another of her daughters had become first Miss Monro's pupil, and afterward her friend. Mrs. Forbes herself had always been strongly attracted by Ellinor, but it was long before she could conquer the timid reserve by which Miss Wilkins was hedged round. It was Miss Monro, who was herself incapable of jealousy, who persevered in praising one to another, and in bringing them together; and now Ellinor was as intimate and familiar in Mrs. Forbes's household as she ever could be with any family not her own.

Mrs. Forbes was considered to be a little fanciful as to illness; but it was no wonder, remembering how many sisters she had lost by consumption. Miss Monro had often grumbled at the manner in which her pupils were made irregular for very trifling causes. But no one so alarmed as she when, in the autumn succeeding Mr. Ness's death, Mrs. Forbes remarked to her on Ellinor's increased delicacy of appearance and shortness of breathing. From that time forward she worried Ellinor (if any one so sweet and patient could ever have been worried) with respirators and precautions. Ellinor submitted to all her friend's wishes and cares sooner than make her anxious, and remained a prisoner in the house through November. Then Miss Monro's anxiety took another turn. Ellinor's appetite and spirits failed her—not at all an unnatural consequence of so many weeks confinement to the house. A plan was started quite suddenly one morning in December, that met with approval from every one but Ellinor, who was, however, by this time too languid to make much resistance.

Mrs. Forbes and her daughters were going to Rome for three or four months, so as to avoid the trying east winds of spring; why should not Miss Wilkins go with them? They urged it, and Miss Monro urged it, though with a little private sinking of the heart at the idea of the long separation from one who was almost like a child to her. Ellinor was, as it were, lifted off her feet and borne away by the unanimous opinion of others, the doctor included, who decided that such a step was highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. She knew that she had only a life-interest both in her father's property and in that bequeathed to her by Mr. Ness. Hitherto she had not felt much troubled by this, as she had supposed that in the natural course of events she should survive Miss Monro and Dixon, both of whom she looked upon as dependent upon her. All she had to bequeath to the two were the small savings, which would not nearly suffice for both purposes, especially considering that Miss Monro had given up her teaching, and that both she and Dixon were passing into years.

Before Ellinor left England she had made every arrangement for the contingency of her death abroad that Mr. Johnson could suggest. She had written and sent a long letter to Dixon; and a shorter one was left in charge of Canon Livingstone (she dared not hint at the possibility of her dying to Miss Monro) to be sent to the old man.

As they drove out of the King's Cross Station they passed a gentleman's carriage entering. Ellinor saw a bright handsome lady, a nurse, and baby inside, and a gentleman sitting by them whose face she could never forget. It was Mr. Corbet taking his wife and child to the railway. They were going on a Christmas visit to East Chester Deanery. He had been leaning back, not noticing the passers-by, not attending to the other inmates of the carriage, probably absorbed in the consideration of some law case. Such were the casual glimpses Ellinor had of one with whose life she had once thought herself bound up.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHO so proud as Miss Monro when a foreign letter came? Her correspondent was not particularly graphic in her descriptions, nor were there any adventures to be described, nor was the habit of mind of Ellinor such as to make her clear and definite in her own impressions from what she saw, and her natural reserve kept her from fluent in communicating them even to Miss Monro. But that lady would have been pleased to read aloud these letters to the assembled dean and canons, and would not have been surprised if they had invited her to the Chapter-house for that purpose. To her circle of untraveled ladies, ignorant of Murray, but laudably desirous of information, all Ellinor's historical reminiscences and rather formal details were really interesting. There was no railroad in those days between Lyons and Marseilles, so their progress was slow, and the passage of letters to and fro, when they had arrived in Rome, long and uncertain. Bnt all seemed going on well. Ellinor spoke of herself as in better health; and Canon Livingstone (between whom and Miss Monro great intimacy had sprung up since Ellinor had gone away, and Miss Monro could ask him to tea) confirmed this report of Miss Wilkins's health from a letter which he had received from Mrs. Forbes. Curiosity about that letter was Miss Monro's torment. What could they have had to write to each other about? It was a very odd proceeding; although the Livingstones and Forbeses were distantly related, after the manner of Scotland? Could it have been that he had offered to Euphemia, after all; and that her mother had answered; or, possibly, there was a letter from Effie herself inclosed. It was a pity for Miss Monro's peace of mind that she did not ask him straight away. She would then have learned, what Canon Livingstone had no thought of concealing, that Mrs. Forbes had written solely to give him some fuller directions about certain charities than she had had time to think about in the hurry of starting. As it was, and when, a little later on, she heard him speak of the possibility of his going himself to Rome, when his term of residence was over, in time for the Carnival, she gave up her fond project in despair, and felt very much like a child whose house of bricks had been knocked down by the unlucky waft of some passing petticoat.

Meanwhile the entire change of scene brought on the exquisite refreshment of entire change of thought. Ellinor had not been able so completely to forget her past life for many years; it was like a renewing of her youth, cut so suddenly short by the shears of fate. Ever since that night she had had to rouse herself on awakening in the morning into a full comprehension of the great cause she had for much fear and heavy grief. Now, when she wakened in her little room, fourth piano, No. 36, Babuino, she saw the strange pretty things around her, and her mind went off into pleasant wonder and conjecture, happy recollections of the day before, and pleasant anticipations of the day to come. Latent in Ellinor was her father's artistic temperament; every thing new and strange was a picture and a delight; the merest group in the street, a Roman facchino, with his cloak draped over his shoulder, a girl going to market or carrying her pitcher back from the fountain, every thing, and every person that presented it, or himself, to her senses gave them a delicious shock, as if it were something strangely familiar from Pinelli, but unseen by her mortal eyes before. She forgot her despondency, her ill-health disappeared as if by magic; the Miss Forbes, who had taken the pensive drooping invalid as a companion out of kindness of heart, found themselves amply rewarded by the sight of her amended health, and her keen enjoyment of every thing, and the half-quaint, half-naïve expressions of her pleasure.

So March came round; Lent was late that year. The great nosegays of violets and camellias were for sale at the corner of the Condotti, and the revelers had no difficulty in procuring much rarer flowers for the belles of the Corso. The embassies had their balconies; the attachés of the Russian embassy threw their light and lovely presents at every pretty girl, or suspicion of a pretty girl, who passed slowly in her carriage, covered over with her white domino, and holding her wire mask as a protection to her face from the showers of lime confetti, which otherwise would have been enough to blind her! Mrs. Forbes had her own hired balcony as became a wealthy and respectable English woman. The girls had a great basketful of bouquets with which to pelt their friends in the crowd below; a store of moccoletti lay piled on the table behind, for it was the last day of Carnival, and as soon as dusk came on the tapers were to be lighted, to be as quickly extinguished by every means in every one's power. The crowd below was at its wildest pitch; the rows of stately contadine alone sitting unmovable as their possible ancestors, the senators who received Brennus and his Gauls. Masks and white dominos, foreign gentlemen, and the riffraff of the city, slow-driving carriages, showers of flowers, most of them faded by this time, every one shouting and struggling at that wild pitch of excitement which may so soon turn into fury; the Forbes girls had given place at the window to their mother and Ellinor, who were gazing half-amused, half-terrified at the mad parti-colored movement below; when a familiar face looked up, smiling a recognition, and "how shall I get to you?" was asked in English, by the well-known voice of Canon Livingstone. They saw him disappear under the balcony on which they were standing, but it was some time before he made his appearance in their room. And when he did he was almost overpowered with greetings; so glad were they to see an East Chester face.

"When did you come? Where are you? What a pity you did not come sooner? It is so long since we have heard any thing; do tell us every thing? It is three weeks since we have had any letters; those tiresome boats have been so irregular because of the weather? How was every body—Miss Monro in particular, Ellinor says?"

He, quietly smiling, replied to their questions by slow degrees. He had only arrived the night before, and had been hunting for them all day; but no one could give him any distinct intelligence as to their whereabouts in all the noise and confusion of the place, especially as they had their own English servant with them, and the Canon was not strong in his Italian. He was not sorry he had missed all but this last day of Carnival, for he was half-blinded, and wholly deafened as it was. He was at the "Angleterre," he had left East Chester about a week ago; he had letters for all of them, but had not dared to bring them through the crowd for fear of having his pocket picked. Miss Monro was very well, but very uneasy at not having heard from Ellinor for so long; the irregularity of the boats must be telling both ways, for their English friends were full of wonder at not hearing from Rome. And then followed some well-deserved abuse of the Roman post, and some suspicion of the carefulness with which Italian servants posted English letters. All these answers were satisfactory enough, yet Mrs. Forbes thought she saw a latent uneasiness in Canon Livingstone's manner; and fancied once or twice that he hesitated in replying to Ellinor's questions. But there was no being quite sure in the increasing darkness, which prevented countenances from being seen; nor in the constant interruptions and screams which were going on in the small crowded room, as wafting handkerchiefs, puffs of wind, or veritable extinguishers, fastened to long sticks, and coming from nobody knew where, put out taper after taper as fast as they were lighted.

"You will come home with us," said Mrs. Forbes. "I can only offer you cold meat with tea; our cook is gone out, this being a universal festa; but we can not part with an old friend for any scruples as to the commissariat."

"Thank you, I should have invited myself if you had not been good enough to ask me?"

When they had all arrived at their apartment in the Babuino (Canon Livingstone had gone round to fetch the letters with which he was intrusted), Mrs. Forbes was confirmed in her supposition that he had something particular and not very pleasant to say to Ellinor by the rather grave and absent manner in which he awaited her return from taking off her out-of-door things. He broke off, indeed, in his conversation with Mrs. Forbes to go and meet Ellinor, and to lead her into the most distant window before he delivered her letters.

"From what you said in the balcony yonder, I fear you have not received your home letters regularly?"

"No!" replied she, startled and trembling, she hardly knew why.

"No more has Miss Monro heard from you; nor I believe has some one else who expected to hear. Your man of business—I forget his name."

"My man of business! Something has gone wrong, Mr. Livingstone. Tell me—I want to know. I have been expecting it—only tell me." She sat down suddenly, as white as ashes.

"Dear Miss Wilkins, I'm afraid it is painful enough, but you are fancying it worse than it is. All your friends are quite well; but an old servant—"

"Well!" said she, seeing his hesitation, and leaning forward and gripping at his arm.

"Is taken up on a charge of manslaughter or murder.—Oh, Mrs. Forbes, come here!"

For Ellinor had fainted, falling forward on the arm she had held. When she came round she was lying half-undressed on her bed; they were giving her tea in spoonfuls.

"I must get up," moaned she. "I must go home."

"You must lie still," said Mrs. Forbes, firmly.

"You don't know. I must go home," she repeated; and she tried to sit up, but fell back, helpless. Then she did not speak, but lay and thought. "Will you bring me some meat?" she whispered. "And some wine?" They brought her meat and wine; she ate, though she was choking. "Now, please bring me my letters, and leave me alone; and after that I should like to speak to Canon Livingstone. Don't let him go, please. I won't be long—half an hour, I think. Only let me be alone."

There was a hurried, feverish sharpness in her tone that made Mrs. Forbes very anxious, but she judged it best to comply with her requests.

The letters were brought, the lights were arranged so that she could read them lying on her bed; and they left her. Then she got up and stood on her feet, dizzy enough, her arms clasped at the top of her head, her eyes dilated and staring as if looking at some great horror. But after a few minutes she sat down suddenly and began to read. Letters were evidently missing. Some had been sent by an opportunity who had been delayed on the journey, and had not yet arrived in Rome. Others had been dispatched by the post, but the severe weather, the unusual snow, had, in those days, before the railway was made between Lyons and Marseilles, put a stop to many a traveler's plans, and had rendered the transmission of the mail extremely uncertain; so much that intelligence which Miss Monro had evidently considered as certain to be known to Ellinor was entirely matter of conjecture, and could only be guessed at from what was told in these letters. One was from Mr. Johnson, one from Mr. Brown, one from Miss Monro; of course the last-mentioned was the first read. She spoke of the shock of the discovery of Mr. Dunster's body, discovered in the cutting of the new line of railroad from Hamley to the nearest railway station; the body so hastily buried long ago, in its clothes, by which it was now recognized—a recognition confirmed by one or two more personal and indestructible things, such as his watch and seal with his initials; of the shock to every one, the Osbaldistones in particular, on the further discovery of a fleam, or horse-lancet, having the name of Abraham Dixon engraved on the handle; how Dixon had gone on Mr. Osbaldistone's business to a horse-fair in Ireland some weeks before this, and had had his leg broken by a kick from an unruly mare, so that he was barely able to move about when the officers of justice went to apprehend him in Tralee.

At this point Ellinor cried out loud and shrill, "Oh Dixon, Dixon! and I was away enjoying myself!"

They heard her cry, and came to the door, but it was bolted inside.

"Please go away," said she; "please go. I will be very quiet, only please go."

She could not bear just then to read any more of Miss Monro's letter. She tore open Mr. Johnson's letter, the date was a fortnight earlier than Miss Monro's; he also expressed his wonder at not hearing from her in reply to his letter of January 9; but he added that he thought that her trustees had judged rightly; the handsome sum the railway company had offered for the land when their surveyor decided on the alteration of the line, Mr. Osbaldistone, etc., etc.—she could not read any more; it was fate pursuing her. Then she took the letter up again and tried to read; but all that reached her understanding was the fact that Mr. Johnson had sent his present letter to Miss Monro, thinking that she might know of some private opportunity safer than the post. Mr. Brown's was just such a letter as he occasionally sent her from time to time; a correspondence that arose out of their mutual regard for their dead friend, Mr. Ness. It too had been sent to Miss Monro to direct. Ellinor was on the point of putting it aside entirely when the name of Corbet caught her eye: "You will be interested to hear that the old pupil of our departed friend who was so anxious to obtain the folio Virgil with the Italian notes is appointed the new judge in room of Mr. Justice Jenkin. At least I conclude that Mr. Ralph Corbet, Q.C., is the same as the Virgil fancier."

"Yes," said Ellinor, bitterly; "he judged well—it would never have done." They were the first words of any thing like reproach which she ever formed in her own mind during all these years. She thought for a few moments of the old times; it seemed to steady her brain to think of them. Then she took up and finished Miss Monro's letter. That excellent friend had done all she thought that Ellinor would have wished without delay. She had written to Mr. Johnson, and charged him to do all that he could to defend Dixon, and to spare no expense. She was thinking of going to the prison in the county town to see the old man herself; but Ellinor could see that all these endeavors and purposes of Miss Monro's were based on love for her own pupil, and a desire to set her mind at ease as far as she could, rather than from any idea that Dixon himself could be innocent. Ellinor put down the letters and went to the door, then turned back and locked them up in her writing-case with trembling hands; and after that she entered the drawing-room, looking liker to a ghost than to a living woman.

"Can I speak to you for a minute alone?" Her still, tuneless voice made the words into a command. Canon Livingstone arose and followed her into the little dining-room. "Will you tell me all you know—all you have heard about my—you know what."

"Miss Monro was my informant—at least at first—it was in the *Times* the day before I left; Miss Monro says it could only have been done in a moment of anger if the old servant is really guilty; that he was as steady and good a man as she ever knew; and she seems to have a strong feeling against the Mr. Dunster as always giving your father a great deal of unnecessary trouble; in fact, she hints that his disappearance at the time was supposed to be the cause of a considerable loss of property to Mr. Wilkins."

"No!" said Ellinor, eagerly, feeling that some justice ought to be done to the dead man; and then she stopped short, fearful of saying any thing that should betray her full knowledge. "I mean this," she went on; "Mr. Dunster was a very disagreeable man personally—and papa—we none of us liked him; but he was quite honest—please remember that."

The Canon bowed, and said a few acquiescing words. He waited for her to speak again.

"Miss Monro says she is going to see Dixon in—"

"Oh, Mr. Livingstone, I can't bear it!"

He let her alone, looking at her pitifully as she twisted and wrung her hands together in her endeavor to regain the quiet manner she had striven to maintain through the interview. She looked up at him with a poor attempt at an apologetic smile.

"It is so terrible to think of that good old man in prison."

"You do not believe him guilty then!" said Canon Livingstone, in some surprise. "I am afraid, from all I heard and read, there is but little doubt that he did kill the man; I trust in some moment of irritation, with no premeditated malice."

Ellinor shook her head.

"How soon can I get to England?" asked she. "I must start at once."

"Mrs. Forbes sent out while you were lying down. I am afraid there is no boat to Marseilles till Thursday, the day after to-morrow."

"But I must go sooner!" said Ellinor, starting up. "I must go; please help me. He may be tried before I can get there!"

"Alas! I fear that will be the case whatever haste you make. The trial was to come on at the Hellingford Assizes, and that town stands first on the Midland Circuit list. To-day is the 27th of February; the assizes begin on the 6th of March."

"I will start to-morrow morning early for Civita; there may be a boat there they do not know of here. At any rate, I shall be on my way. If he dies, I must die too. Oh! I don't know what I am saying, I am so utterly crushed down! It would be such a kindness if you would go away and let no one come to me. I know Mrs. Forbes is so good she will forgive me. I will say good-by to you all before I go to-morrow morning; but I must think now."

For one moment he stood looking at her as if he longed to comfort her by more words. He thought better of it, however, and silently left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

For a long time Ellinor sat still, now and then taking up Miss Monro's letter and re-reading the few terrible details. Then she bethought her that possibly the Canon might have brought a copy of the *Times* containing the examination of Dixon before the magistrates, and she opened the door and called to a passing servant to make the inquiry. She was quite right in her conjecture: Canon Livingstone had had the paper in his pocket during his interview with her, but he thought within himself that the evidence was so conclusive that the perusal of it would only be adding to her extreme distress by accelerating the conviction of Dixon's guilt, which he believed she must arrive at sooner or later.

He had been reading the report over with Mrs. Forbes and her daughters after his return from Ellinor's room, and they were all participating in his opinion upon it when her request for the *Times* was conveyed. They had reluctantly agreed, saying there did not appear to be a shadow of doubt in the fact of Dixon's having killed Mr. Dunster, only hoping there might prove to be some extenuating circumstances, which Ellinor had probably recollected, and which she was desirous of producing on the approaching trial.

Meanwhile Ellinor had bathed her eyes and forehead in cold water, and had tried to still her poor heart's beating, in order that she might be clear and collected enough to weigh the evidence.

Every line of it was condemnatory. One or two witnesses spoke of Dixon's unconcealed dislike of Dunster—a dislike which Ellinor knew had been entertained by the old servant out of a species of loyalty to his master, as well as from personal distaste. The fleam was proved beyond all doubt to be Dixon's; and a man, who had been stable-boy in Mr. Wilkins's service, swore that on the day when Mr. Dunster was missed, and when the whole town was wondering what had become of him, a certain colt of Mr. Wilkins's had needed bleeding, and that he had been sent by Dixon to the farrier's for a horse-lancet—an errand which he had remarked upon at the time, as he knew that Dixon had a fleam of his own.

Mr. Osbaldistone was examined. He kept interrupting himself perpetually to express his surprise at the fact of so steady and well-conducted a man as Dixon being guilty of so heinous a crime, and was willing enough to testify to the excellent character Dixon had borne during all the many years he had been in his (Mr. Osbaldistone's) service; but he appeared to be quite convinced by the evidence previously given of the prisoner's guilt in the matter, and strengthened the case against him materially by stating the circumstance of the old man's dogged unwillingness to have the slightest interference by cultivation with that particular piece of ground.

Here Ellinor shuddered. Before her, in that Roman bedchamber, rose the fatal oblong she knew by heart—a little green moss or lichen, and thinly-growing blades of grass scarcely covering the caked and undisturbed soil under the old tree. Oh that she had been in England when the surveyors of the railway between Ashcombe and Hamley had altered their line; she would have entreated, implored, compelled her trustees not to have sold that piece of ground for any sum of money whatsoever. She would have bribed the surveyors, done she knew not what—but now it was too late; she would not let her mind wander off to what might have been; she would force herself again to attend to the newspaper columns. There was little more: the prisoner had been asked if he could say any thing to clear himself, and properly cautioned not to say any thing to incriminate himself. The poor old man's person was described, and his evident emotion. "The prisoner was observed to clutch at the rail before him to steady himself, and his color changed so much at this part of the evidence that one of the turnkeys offered him a glass of water, which he declined. He is a man of a strongly-built frame, and with rather a morose and sullen cast of countenance."

"My poor, poor Dixon!" said Ellinor, laying down the paper for an instant, and she was near crying, only she had resolved to shed no tears till she had finished all, and could judge of the chances. There were but a few lines more: "At one time the prisoner seemed to be desirous of alleging something in his defense, but he changed his mind, if such had been the case, and in reply to Mr. Gordon (the magistrate) he only said, 'You've made a pretty strong case out again me, gentlemen, and it seems for to satisfy you. So I think I'll not disturb your minds by saying any thing more.' Accordingly Dixon now stands committed for trial for murder at the next Hellingford Assizes, which commence on March the sixth before Baron Rushton and Mr. Justice Corbet."

"Mr. Justice Corbet!" The words ran through Ellinor as though she had been stabbed with a knife, and by an irrepressible movement she stood up rigid. The young man, her lover in her youth, the old servant who in those days was perpetually about her, the two who had so often met in familiar if not friendly relations, now to face each other as judge and accused! She could not tell how much Mr. Corbet had conjectured from the partial revelation she had made to him of the impending shame that hung over her and hers. A day or two ago she could have remembered the exact words she had used in that memorable interview; but now, strive as she would, she could only recall facts not words. After all, the Mr. Justice Corbet might not be Ralph. There was one chance in a hundred against the identity of the two.

While she was weighing probabilities in her sick, dizzy mind she heard soft steps outside her bolted door, and low voices whispering. It was the bedtime of happy people with hearts at ease. Some of the footsteps passed lightly on; but there was a gentle rap at Ellinor's door. She pressed her two hot hands hard against her temples for an instant before she went to open the door. There stood Mrs. Forbes in her handsome evening dress, holding a lighted lamp in her hand.

"May I come in, my dear?" she asked. Ellinor's stiff dry lips refused to utter the words of assent which indeed did not come readily from her heart.

"I am so grieved at this sad news which the Canon brings. I can well understand what a shock it must be to you. We have just been saying it must be as bad for you as it would be to us if our old Donald should turn out to have been a hidden murderer all these years that he has lived with us. I really could have as soon suspected Donald as that white-haired respectable old man who used to come and see you at East Chester."

Ellinor felt that she must say something. "It is a terrible shock—poor old man! and no friend near him, even Mr. Osbaldistone giving evidence against him. Oh dear, dear! why did I ever come to Rome?"

"Now, my dear, you must not let yourself take an exaggerated view of the case. Sad and shocking as it is to have been so deceived, it is what happens to many of us, though not to so terrible a degree; and as to your coming to Rome having any thing to do with it—"

Mrs. Forbes almost smiled at the idea, so anxious was she to banish the idea of self-reproach from Ellinor's sensitive mind, but Ellinor interrupted her abruptly:

"Mrs. Forbes! did he—did Canon Livingstone tell you that I must leave you to-morrow? I must go to England as fast as possible to do what I can for Dixon."

"Yes, he told us you were thinking of it, and it was partly that that made me force myself in upon you to-night. I think, my love, you are mistaken in feeling as if you were called upon to do more than what the Canon tells me Miss Monro has already done in your name—engaged the best legal advice, and spared no expense to give the suspected man every chance. What could you do more even if you were on the spot? And it is very possible that the trial may have come on before you get home. Then what could you do? He would either have been acquitted or condemned; if the former, he would find public sympathy all in his favor; it always is for the unjustly accused. And if he turns out to be guilty, my dear Ellinor, it will be far better for you to have all the softening which distance can give to such a dreadful termination to the life of a poor man whom you have respected so long."

But Ellinor spoke again, with a kind of irritated determination very foreign to her usual soft docility.

"Please just let me judge for myself this once. I am not ungrateful. God knows I don't want to vex one who has been so kind to me as you have been, dear Mrs. Forbes; but I must go—and every word you say to dissuade me only makes me more convinced. I am going to Civita to-morrow. I shall be that much on the way. I can not rest here."

Mrs. Forbes looked at her in grave silence. Ellinor could not bear the consciousness of that fixed gaze. Yet its fixity only arose from Mrs. Forbes's perplexity as to how best to assist Ellinor, whether to restrain her by further advice—of which the first dose had proved so useless—or to speed her departure. Ellinor broke in on her meditations:

"You have always been so kind and good to me; go on being so—please do! Leave me alone now, dear Mrs. Forbes, for I can not bear talking about it, and help me to go to-morrow, and you do not know how I will pray to God to bless you!"

Such an appeal was irresistible. Mrs. Forbes kissed her very tenderly, and went to rejoin her daughters, who were clustered together in their mother's bedroom awaiting her coming.

"Well, mamma, how is she? What does she say?"

"She is in a very excited state, poor thing! and has got so strong an impression that it is her duty to go back to England and do all she can for this wretched old man that I am afraid we must not oppose her. I am afraid she really must go on Thursday."

"Why, what can she do, mamma?" "Poor dear old Nelly!" "And miss the return by Perugia she was thinking so much about!"

Such were some of the exclamations of the Miss Forbeses. They had small thought of the old servant in prison; but it was on his position, and probable guilt or innocence, that Mrs. Forbes kept pondering. She was more and more sure that Ellinor was in possession of some secret information that she believed, whether truly or falsely, would affect the result of the trial; and so, although she would have been infinitely gratified by Ellinor's fuller confidence, she forbore to recur to the subject on the following morning, but treated Ellinor's resolve to go home as a decided thing, the wisdom of which was past questioning. By this kind of behavior she not only soothed Ellinor, but won the right of making such arrangements on her behalf as would render her journey home more easy of management.

Mrs. Forbes secured the services of a traveling-maid, and went to the banker's; saw after places in the diligence to Civita; Ellinor remaining in her room all the time, apparently engaged in packing up. This, at least, was her employment whenever Effie, or Margaret, or Jeanie Forbes went in with their sympathy or their regret. But as soon as they left her alone she sat down on her bed, unable to keep up the strain; overburdened with the terrible secret, the consequences of which were now culminating to a crisis.

The diligence left at three. Mrs. Forbes, the girls, the traveling-maid, and Mrs. Forbes's servant all accompanied Ellinor to the office from which it was to start.

There they found Canon Livingstone, whom Ellinor had not seen since the night before. She was not surprised at his being there to wish her good-by; indeed few things would have surprised her just now; and, besides, she had a thorough reliance on his quiet friendliness. But she did remonstrate when she found him all prepared to accompany her to Civita, as he said. Nothing she could urge in that hurry availed to change his determination. Mrs. Forbes, who might have backed her up, seemed to have had some previous insight into his plans, and kept silence during the discussion.

The last sight Ellinor had of her friends as the lumbering diligence rolled heavily from side to side was when she looked back at the corner of the piazza, and saw them still standing in a sad group at the place where she had left them. She pulled down the veil over her face, that neither of her companions might see how her eyes were filling with tears.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Neapolitan steamers to Marseilles call at Civita Vecchia to take up passengers; but the Neapolitan sailors are a careful race of folk, and do not venture out to sea if there is much chance of foul weather. So Ellinor and the Canon were detained until the evening of Thursday at the dreary hotel looking out on the sea. The rain prevented her going out; she sat in the great salle, where alone there was the possibility of a fire. Above the gay painted ceiling, decorated with gaudy arabesques, the bare dirty floor below, the numberless ill-fitting doors and windows shaking and rattling in every blast—she cowered over the hearth, stifling her weary impatience as best she might; but feeling as though the wiser plan would be to set off, without further loss of time, and walk to England. The maid was more inclined to grumble aloud than Ellinor, and thought her new mistress strangely passive under the delay. Every one else in the hotel was talking continually in either English, French, or Italian, and abusing all existing arrangements; every one but the Canon, and the pale and gentle lady who kept her place by the hearth, on which the damp logs spluttered and smoked instead of burning.

Canon Livingstone, buttoned up to his chin, was in and out all the day, bringing all the intelligence as to the probabilities of the steamer's arrival that, in his incomplete knowledge of Italian, he could pick up from the out-door population, who all seemed to be as much excited by the non-appearance of the *Santa Lucia* as if it were not the commonest occurrence in the world.

The food, too, in the bare and desolate hotel appeared to be falling short; some bread, an omelet, and a bottle of sour country wine, was all that could be furnished to the Canon's order for dinner. He and Ellinor spoke but little together during the meal. As their table was being cleared he walked to the window, and, returning after the waiter's departure, he said:

"I am afraid if the steamer does come to-night we shall have but rough weather for our voyage."

"We!" said Ellinor, looking at him with surprise. "You are not going; I thought you were only coming with me to Civita?"

"Oh yes!" said he, a little annoyed to have betrayed his intention so soon; "but Mrs. Forbes and I agreed just at the last, that although Morrison seemed a very respectable woman, yet that it would be all the better for you both to have a man with you in traveling through France; not that I am any great French scholar though." He tried to treat it lightly, but it evidently discomposed Ellinor exceedingly.

"You must not think of it—I beg you will not; you have only just come to Rome. Oh, I am so sorry; I had no idea Mrs. Forbes thought I was so helpless. Pray, if you wish to make me—" happy, she was going to have said, but the word stuck in her throat—"easy, go back again to Rome as soon as I am gone!"

He longed to speak out more fully what was in his mind and heart to say; but by a great effort he restrained himself, and only spoke the commonplaces of a wise friendship. He sat down at the table.

"Now, my dear Miss Wilkins," he said, "I must beg of you to be reasonable, and to consider the anxieties of your friends more than your own dislike to giving trouble. You are an inexperienced traveler; and there are many changes in your mode of traveling to be encountered before you reach England. Your maid was the best that could be procured under the circumstances, but still we do not know so much of her capabilities as of her character. It is of great consequence to you to reach England with as little delay as possible, and this for the sake of Dixon more than for yourself. All sorts of accidents and contretemps may arise, occasioning you much distress. Now, as Mrs. Forbes knows, I have been several times in France—once on a reading party in Auvergne for three months; and she felt that her anxiety on your account, which is very great on account of your but newly-restored health, would be materially lessened if I traveled with you."

"But you have only just arrived in Rome."

"True; I have learned how easy the journey is to a bachelor, and shall be finding my way again before long. At present my full intention is to spare Mrs. Forbes all the uneasiness in my power, and I hope you will not consider me in any other light than that of a courier engaged by her to render you all the service I can. And now I shall go out again and see what chance there is of this cowardly steamer."

It would have required more energy than Ellinor professed at this time to combat a resolution which both words and manner expressed as determined. She would much rather have traveled alone with her maid; she did not feel the need of the services he offered; but she was utterly listless and broken down; all her interest was centred in the thought of Dixon and his approaching trial, and the perplexity as to the mode in which she must do her duty.

They embarked late that evening in the tardy *Santa Lucia*, and Ellinor immediately went to her berth. She was not sea-sick; that might possibly have lessened her mental sufferings, which all night long tormented her. High-perched in an upper berth, she did not like disturbing the other occupants of the cabin till daylight appeared. Then she descended and dressed, and went on deck. The vessel was just passing the rocky coast of Elba, and the sky was flushed with rosy light, that made the shadows on the island of the most exquisite purple. The sea still heaved with yesterday's storm, but the motion only added to the beauty of the sparkles and white foam that dimpled and curled on the blue waters. The air was delicious after the closeness of the cabin, and Ellinor only wondered that more people were not on deck to enjoy it. One or two stragglers came up, time after time, and began pacing the deck. Dr. Livingstone came up before very long; but he seemed to have made a rule of not obtruding himself on Ellinor excepting when he could be of some use. After a few words of commonplace morning greeting he too began to walk backward and forward while Ellinor sat quietly watching the lovely island receding fast from her view—a beautiful vision never to be seen again by her mortal eyes.

WATCH—NIGHT.

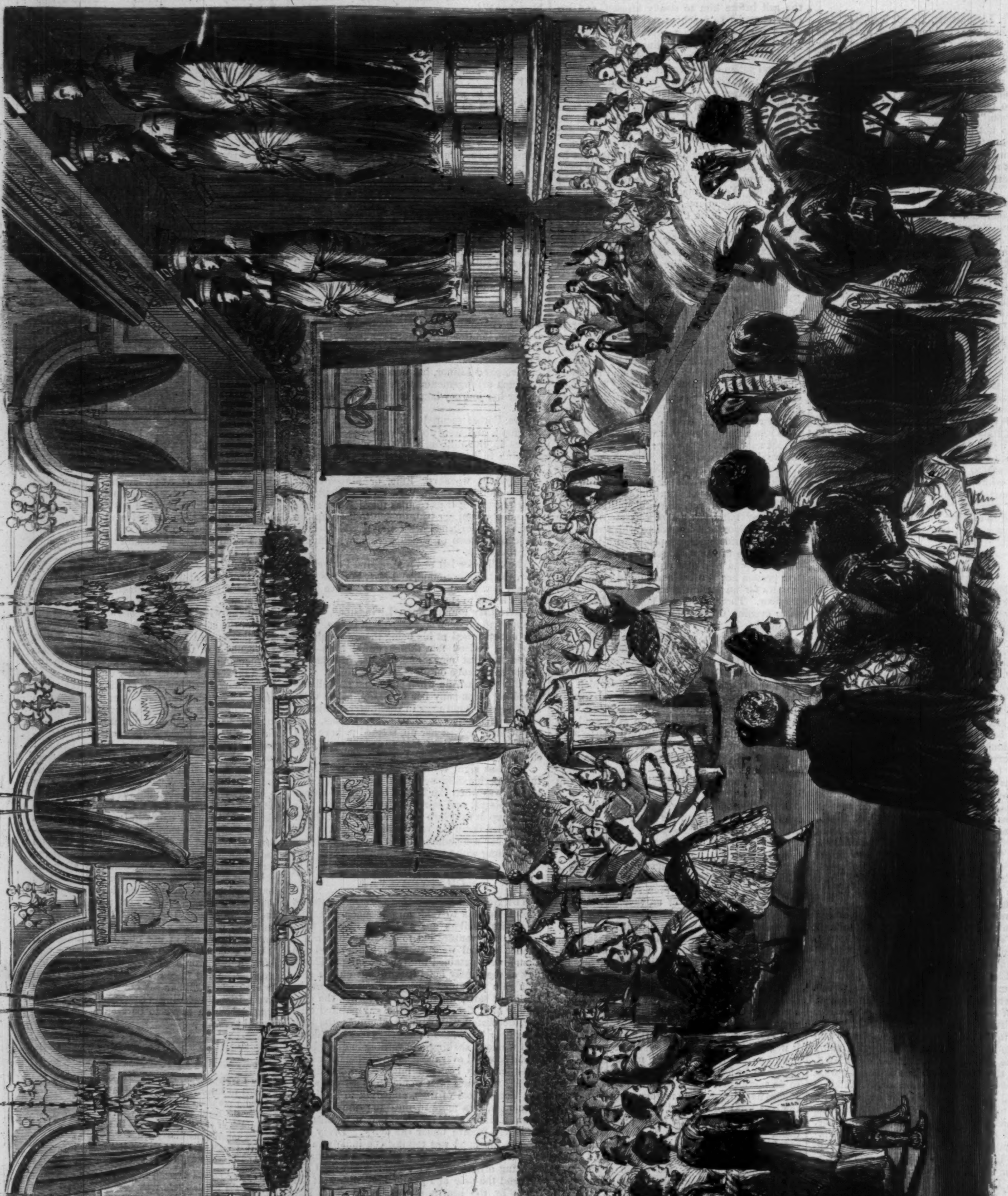
Did I frighten you, mother?—so white and cold,
  And so silently here at your bed?
I could not sleep on this terrible night
  For the battle of which we read.
To think of the dead lying out in this rain,
  Not minding its dreary fall—
Of that mad, mad fight on the side of the hill—
  And he—he was in it all!

They say he was foremost in every charge,
  Till the hardiest held their breath,
Or paused in the struggle to raise a cheer
  For the man who was quits with death!
They say he was quiet and just the same—
  No paler when acting his part;
But I know—I know how he went away,
  Stabbed even to the inmost heart.

But the fiercest pain for a tender soul
  Is doubt and its jealous pride;
Though we do not die when we suffer so,
  Till the faithful are justified.
I tore his ring from my worthless hand,
  Denying my name of wife;
But I wear him yet in my heart of hearts,
  And I love him with all my life.

I must go to him! I shall never rest
  Till I falter before his feet;
And there I shall die if he raise me not,
  And cure me with kisses sweet!
I shall die! I shall die if I may not look
  Once more in my hero's eyes,
And see the fire of the olden love
  In their passionate deeps arise!

I have wronged his truth, I have wronged his love,
  And all for a whispered lie!
I have sent him to wander in search of death—
  Ah, mother, if—he should die!
I will suffer all—I deserve it all!
  But, mother, I'm mad to go
And beg him to take me back again,
  For I love him—I love him so!



THE GRAND BALL AT THE TUILERIES—THE BEES QUADRILLE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

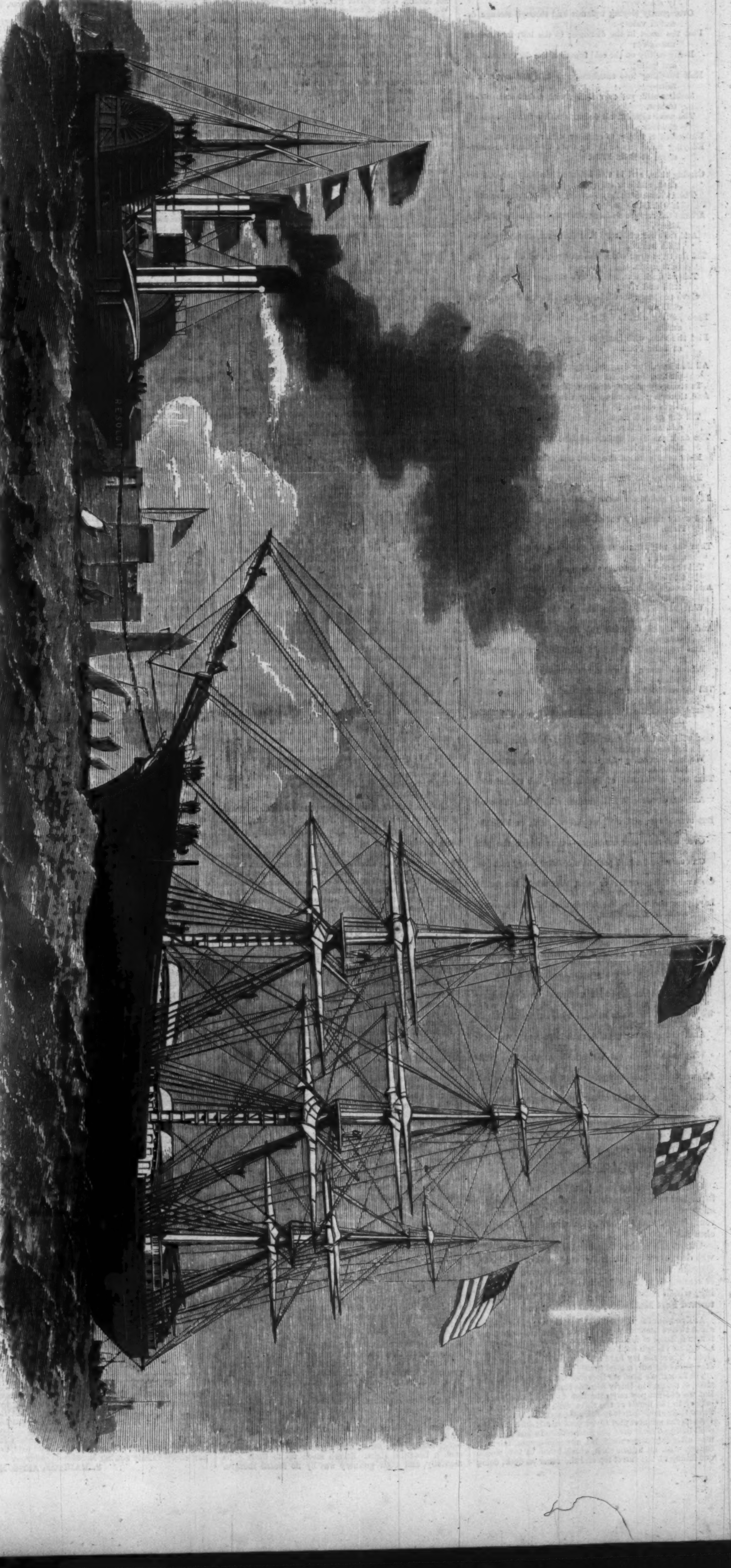
THE LATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

WE publish on page 204 a fine illustration of the "BEES QUADRILLE" at the recent Grand Ball given by the Emperor Napoleon at the Tuileries. It was the sensation of the day in Paris, and has been much talked of here. The *Times* Paris correspondent wrote:

The pleasures of the Carnival were never more brilliant than the present year. The amount of money spent in dress is frightful; and while the poor are getting rich, the rich are getting poor. One millinery establishment, that of Worth & Bobergh, of which *Monsieur* Worth is the artist-designer of the toilets of his fair customers, made bills on the single costume ball of the Empress on Monday last to the extent of $200,000! And yet there were not quite four hundred ladies at the ball, and Worth & Bobergh, although they are the fashionable house the present season, did not furnish all the costumes at the ball. At this ball, which was private, and to which invitations were made directly by the Empress, the following Americans were invited, which was a very large list in view of the limited number of persons at the ball: Mrs. Dayton, in robe of moire antique and powdered hair; Miss Dayton, as Red Riding Hood; Mrs. Ridgway, of Philadelphia, in Marchioness; Mme. Pilié, of New Orleans, powdered hair; Miss Minnie King, of Georgia, Undine? Mrs. Penniman, of New York; Miss Penniman, Ophelia; Mrs. Moulton (Miss Greenough, of Cambridge, Mass.), in Salamander; the Viscountess de Gabriac (Miss Phalen, of New York), Hungarian costume; Mrs. Eustis (Miss Corcoran, of Washington); Miss Eustis, of Louisiana; Mrs. Butterfield, of New York; Mrs. Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris; Miss Willing, of Philadelphia; the Countess de Moltke (Miss Hutton, of New York), in Marchioness, covered with diamonds; and the Countess de Ganay (Miss Ridgway, of Philadelphia). The American ladies, as those of your readers will see who are acquainted with them, were chosen by her Majesty, not only on account of their high position in French society, but also for their general personal beauty and well-known taste in dress. It was an occasion for the display of all the wealth in diamonds and other precious stones of which each was possessed; for, while it is bad taste to make an inordinate display of diamonds on ordinary occasions, a costume ball admits any extravagance in this line the wearer chooses to make. The Empress represented on this occasion the wife of a Doge of Venice of the sixteenth century, and wore all the crown jewels. She was literally cuirassed in diamonds. The *jupe* was black velvet, over a robe of scarlet satin, bearing cascatelles of diamonds. The Imperial Prince, dressed in black velvet knee-breeches and Venetian mantle, was present, and danced twice—once with the Princess Anna Murat, and once with Mlle. de Chateaubourg. His dance with his cousin the Princess Anna created no little amusement, for while the Prince is only seven years old—and, of course, very short for a ball-room performance—his partner was princely in dimensions as well as in titles. The Princess Anna wore a Neapolitan costume. The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte was in the costume of Anne of Cleves, of Holbein, and wore the whole of her famous collection of emeralds. The Princess Clotilde Bonaparte, with the hair frosted, had also copied a picture from the Louvre, and her robe of brocat glistened like a rising sun. The Princess Gabriella (Augustine Bonaparte) was in Syrian costume. The Princess de Metternich in Night, illuminated with diamonds. The Countess de Persigny in burning fire. The Countess Walewska in Amazon Louis XIV., powdered hair, corn-colored robe, gold buttons. The belle Italian Countess Castiglione, dressed in a costume remarkable for its want of costume, was the hit of the evening. She was dressed as "Salammbo," copied from the new Carthaginian romance of Gustave Flaubert, author of *Madame Bovary.* Naked arms and shoulders, short dress, and feet naked in sandals, dress of black velvet, falling straight, with a long train, which latter was borne by the young Count de Choiseul; who, in turn, had his face blackened to represent an Egyptian page, and who, besides carrying the train of the famous daughter of Hamilcar, held over her head an umbrella of the genuine Robinson Crusoe dimensions. The superb Cathaginoise wore on her head a diadem of gold; her robe, which was without waist, was held by a rich clasp of diamonds, and was copied exactly after the floating tunics worn by the women of the upper classes in the period of Carthaginian history in which Salammbo lived. She promenaded, not on the arm of the faithful Matho of the romance, but on that of the Count Walewska, who delivered her over to the Emperor, and who, in turn, left her to enjoy a long and close conversation with the young Chevalier Nigra, Italian Embassador at Paris. The "surprise" of the evening was the "*Quadrille des Abeilles.*" At twelve o'clock several large bee-hives were carried in by villagers in the costume of Watteau's pictures, and from them issued a charming and graceful swarm of bees, among whom were the Princesses Troubetskoi and Dolgorouki, M'lles. Brancard, Coppens, Magnan, de Tascher, de Vatry, Kindiakoff, Errazu, Pereira, dressed in golden corsage and shining wings, and who at once proceeded to dance the quadrille, which had been arranged and taught them for the occasion by Merante, of the Grand Opera.

THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" AT LIVERPOOL.

WE illustrate on this page the arrival of the relief ship "GEORGE GRISWOLD" at Liverpool, with the cargo contributed by New York merchants and other citizens of the United States for the relief of the suffering mechanics of England. She arrived on the 9th of February. Her cargo consisted of 200 boxes of bacon, 50 barrels of pork, 500 bushels of corn, 500 barrels and boxes of bread, a quantity of rice, and 13,236 barrels of flour. The contributions on board from the New York Produce Exchange were 1500 barrels of flour, 500 bushels of corn, and 50 barrels of pork. She left New York on the 13th of January, and after an average run across the Atlantic was on the 9th February telegraphed off Port Lynas, sailing for Liverpool with a fair wind. As the telegraph was published and became generally known the New Steam Tug Company dispatched their powerful boat *Resolute* gratuitously to assist the ship into port. The *Resolute* fell in with the ship about three o'clock, near the bar, and immediately took her in tow; but they did not reach the anchorage in the river until nearly three hours after high tide. The *George Griswold* had the American and English flags flying, and the steam-tug was also gayly decorated for the occasion. On reaching the Rock Fort she was welcomed with the customary salute by lowering a flag, which was duly acknowledged, and shortly after entering the river a salute of eighteen guns was fired from the North Battery. She reached the anchorage off Seacombe about half past five P.M. Her coming was cordially greeted by a great concourse of people.



THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" RELIEF SHIP, IN TOW OF THE "RESOLUTE," ENTERING THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND—THE ROCK FORT SALUTING (DIPPING THE ENSIGN).

THE SNOW-STORM AT BELLE PLAIN.

Under arches that the pines make (full of weird and ghostly shadows);
Over gently sloping uplands and through strange deserted vales;
Past the forest in the distance; to the low, far-reaching meadows;
Borne swiftly on the cold breath of the damp northeastern gales;
Half laughing into sunshine, and half sobbing back to rain—
Seeking still, yet ever flying, with a dull and restless tremor,
The next moment all defiance with a fierce sun-tinted glamour,
Undecided if in joy to come or wild resistless pain,
Eddying round us—whirling from us—came the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

Coming thus, and in the balance trembling for one instant, and one only,
Then with sudden fury bursting o'er the camp beneath, it whirled
Around the meagre shelter-tents that decked the hill-side lonely,
And the wind with rage incessant each successive snow-flake hurled,
Till the trees grew white like spectres, and old earth was pure again.
This at dusk was, and night's shadows falling dim on field and river
Gave the storm a wilder aspect. To their tents, with chill and shiver,
Each jostling each in eager haste, and filled with fright, amain
Fled the men, with hasty footsteps, from the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

All that long, slow dragging night, the snow so white and pitiless, descended
In strangely eddying circles, flying far and flying near;
And through the sombre day that followed the sullen storm extended
Till the grayish daylight faded; then down fell, more cold and drear,
The dark shades of the second night, and till that wild night's wane
More thickly round the silent camp the snow fell, ever drifting
From before the damp northeast wind, blowing coldly, never shifting,
Till camp and woods were mantled in a robe without a stain,
And every thing lay buried in the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

Thus the wild, fierce storm continued, in its fury unabated,
Till the nights as twain were counted, though the days told only one;
And through the long hours watched we, and so patiently we waited,
With bowed faces toward the east sky, waiting, watching for the sun.
And we sighed to think the sunny South was but a phantom vain,
And we prayed for the old Northland, with its regal icy splendor—
With its hearts so warm and true, so loving and so tender—
Till we conjured up our homes again (oh! wild, bewildered brain!
Crazed men of the Potomac, in the snow-storm at Belle Plain).

Our wild hasheesh-dream dispelling, came that second brilliant morning.
We had watched so for its advent—we had prayed so for its dawn,
That we *felt* the Bow of Promise the glad eastern sky adorning;
And when the cold hills flushed with light, the cruel storm was gone.
But over camp, and over woods—on field, on hill-side, and in lane—
Over uplands, over meadows—even under the pine arches—
On every road where patient mule and weary teamster marches—
On every thing, or far or near, that might the pearly gems retain,
Lay, pure and white, the flakes that fell in the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

Thus came it; thus it ended. We who cowered so 'neath its bluster
Look back with a soldier's carelessness, and idly wonder why;
Then, contented with the present, seek the sun, whose undimmed lustre
Shines bright to-day upon us from the overarching sky.
We wait until the roads mend. *You* watch the Union's throes of pain,
And, sitting there in quiet, most impatiently you wonder
Why to-day from old Virginia booms no loud artillery's thunder.
Ah, weak and questioning heart! you would never ask again,
Could you see us while embargoed by a snow-storm at Belle Plain.

OUR IRON-CLADS IN THE OGEECHEE.

Our attentive correspondent at Port Royal has furnished us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 193 and 196, and which relate to the recent performances of our iron-clad fleet in the Ogeechee River.

One of them shows us how the pirate *Nashville* was destroyed by the iron-clad Monitor *Montauk*, Captain Worden. The *Herald* correspondent, after stating that the *Nashville* showed signs of moving, which induced Captain Worden to steam up toward Fort M'Allister, goes on to say:

At five minutes past seven o'clock we let go our anchor about twelve hundred yards below the fort, and veered out fifteen fathoms of cable, and in two minutes thereafter we let slip an 11-inch shell at the object of our aims and desires. There she lay hard and fast, at about twelve hundred yards distant, a good mark, as the sequel will show. The instant we fired our first shot the battery fired three guns at us, and in thirty seconds thereafter another one. But we did not pay any attention to them, and left the battery in the hands of the three gallant gun-boats, who threw their shells into it in splendid style.

At eleven minutes past seven fired our 11-inch gun, the shell falling a little over the *Nashville*. In just five minutes afterward the enemy hit our pilot-house, fair and square, with an 8-inch shot, which broke in two pieces, one falling on the turret top and the other on deck, doing no damage and producing no unpleasant sensation whatever.

At twenty-two minutes past seven the 15-inch gun was fired with a 10-second shell, which landed quite close to the *Nashville*. The fort banged away at us, but they did not exhibit such careful gunnery as on previous firings. We paid no kind of notice to the scamps behind the piles of sand, as we were bent on the blowing up of the would-be pirate.

By-the-way, when we went up first we noticed quite a number of persons on her deck; but after two or three firings they were not to be seen. They had a full head of steam on her boilers, and she was blowing off furiously from her escape-pipe.

At twenty-seven and a half minutes past seven o'clock we fired our 15-inch gun again, with a 10-second shell, which landed plump into the pirate, between her foremast and paddle-box. It exploded beautifully, and there was no doubt in our minds that we should soon see her in flames. This was only our fifth shot, and if the result does not show good gunnery, pray tell me what is to be considered a standard? Acting-Master Pierre Giraud worked both the guns, and his good marksmanship was now established beyond a doubt. From the turret only the masts and smoke-stacks were visible, giving, of course, but a very small mark to fire at.

After firing our eighth round we were obliged to cease firing, so as to see what the fire was doing on board of the *Nashville*.

To our gratification we were enabled to see a very dense volume of black smoke arising from the forward part of the vessel, and in a couple of minutes thereafter the flames were distinctly visible, forcing their way up, and gradually creeping aft, until they reached nearly to the base of the smoke-stack. The fog was slowly creeping down upon us, threatening to shut out the glorious sight; but it would light up at intervals, showing us in a few minutes a vast sheet of flames, which shot upward far into the smoky canopy above them. It was not long before the smoke-stack guys were burned away, and the huge stack tottered and then fell over on to the port paddle-box, stirring up the glowing embers, which rose and mingled with the darkness above the doomed vessel.

Nothing but night, to give a darkened back-ground to the livid flames, could have added any thing to the grandeur of the scene before us. Our weary watching was now reaping its reward, and our hearts beat with joy and congratulations. Slowly but surely the fire did its work: the rigging caught fire in several places, and torches seemed set, as it were, over a vast funereal pile. We fired occasionally at her until it became evident that we could not add any thing more to her speedy dissolution. At intervals the flames would rush up in a body aft and die out forward, as if the fire king was rushing fore and aft in joy at the freaks in his realms. All this time the fort was firing at us, stopping only when the fog would entirely hide us from view.

At six minutes past eight o'clock we ceased firing, having only fired fourteen times. We waited, watching for about thirty minutes the burning of the steamer, and then up anchor and stood down the river. At this time the *Nashville* was entirely enveloped in flames, the paddle-boxes were fast crumbling away, and streaks of fire were rapidly making huge crevices in her once graceful hull.

At thirty-five minutes past nine o'clock an explosion took place amidships, throwing up a column of white smoke, which, when its inertia was lost, spread itself out like a huge umbrella. It looked like steam, and quite a number who witnessed it pronounced it to be steam, which escaped from the bursting of her boilers. It probably was the explosion of the 100-pounder rifle gun, from the fact that the outline of the hull was not seriously affected by the explosion.

In ten minutes afterward a terrific explosion took place aft. The fire had reached the magazine, and a spark had, in a flash, set loose the latent power of untold tons. Her hull was not able to withstand a shock like that, and a vast white volume quickly ascended aloft, and spread out until it met a sufficient amount of atmospheric resistance, when it mingled with the smoke from the burning hull. The mainmast was gone, the quarter torn down to the water's edge, and the hull riven into countless fragments. Some little time afterward the foremast fell, and the destruction was complete. Far away over the lowlands the smoke spread itself, as if veiling from their view those who might be watching the annihilation of a vessel once lovely in form, graceful in her motion, and noted for her speed—a vessel built for peaceful uses, but by a band of desperadoes turned into a pirate (a bloodless one). The tide of life was at an ebb, and in a short time she would be but a mass of tangled machinery and charred relics.

It was useless, of course, to remain any longer in range of the enemy's guns, and Captain Worden ordered the gun-boats to withdraw from the action and cease firing.

On the way down the river the *Montauk* narrowly escaped an accident, depicted in our second illustration on page 193. The *Herald* correspondent thus alludes to it:

While withdrawing from action we passed directly over three torpedoes, one of which exploded directly underneath our boilers, raising the vessel up bodily and slewing her around. The sensation was of course a very peculiar one, and for a time we could not realize that we had been hit by an infernal machine. It started a little leak, but nothing to speak of, as it was repaired in a few minutes.

Our picture on page 196 shows us The Bombardment of Fort M'Allister, which was more intended to test the fighting qualities of the iron-clad gun-boats than to take the fort. The same correspondent of the *Herald* who witnessed the action from the *Montauk* thus recounts the affair:

At thirty-five minutes after eight the iron-clads were up at about the following distances from the work: *Passaic*, 1200 yards; *Patapsco*, 1600; *Nahant*, 1900. Here they anchored.

In five minutes afterward the enemy opened with two guns, followed by another in rapid succession, hitting close to the *Passaic*, when she let slide an 11-inch shell, which fell short of the fort. At fifty-five minutes after eight the *Para* opened with her 13-inch mortar. The engagement, or rather target practice, now began.

At nine minutes after nine we anchored, having cleared the vessel for action, ready to run up if we were needed.

We had on board Captain Upshur and his clerk and quite a number of the officers of the *Sebago*, who came on board to witness the scene; and as we lay ahead of all the vessels excepting the iron-clads, our turret top offered excellent facilities for observing the firing.

Our boys were scattered around the decks as passive spectators of an action in which they were very desirous of participating; but as we had done some service before, it was but fair that we should now do some looking on.

The iron-clads fired slowly, gradually getting the range, while the bummers promised to throw in some shells in a short time.

The rebels were busy, and at intervals we could see that they hit the *Passaic* pretty fairly; of course we could not tell what damage was done, but from our experience we felt confident that they could not harm her much. As the moments flew the practice from the iron-clads became more accurate, the *Passaic* bearing off the palm for some time, when the *Nahant* came up to the mark, delivering her shell finely and making some elegant shots. At twenty minutes before eleven o'clock two of her shells landed in the traverses, throwing up the sand to a tremendous height and filling the air with clouds of earth. The crews of the vessels around us gave hearty expressions of their approbation by subdued cheering and loud clapping of their hands.

The rapid fire of the iron-clads caused the rebels to slacken their fire from their three guns and an 11-inch mortar, which they had been working with great spirit.

The wind had now breezed up from the northwest and gradually increased into almost a gale; but it had the good effect to drive away the smoke quickly from their vision.

The *Patapsco* pitched in her shells, doing some execution in the rear of the work, just skipping the parapet in their flight. Although we kept a minute record of each gun fired on both sides, it would be too voluminous to place within the limited space of our columns. It was bang, bang, smoke, fire, sand; and I guess but few ever saw such a beautiful sight. Secesh stood up to their guns manfully, and their gunnery was by no means meagre.

At times the enemy would not reply for several moments, and when he opened afresh the guns would belch out from a different place. Our shells were doing tremendous execution in the sand, but for some time we thought without damaging any guns. Finally a 15-inch shell from the *Nahant* exploded under one of the rebel guns, throwing it up into the air quite a distance.

The *Nahant's* people went to dinner as quietly as if not under the fire of the enemy; and after dinner they came out on deck to take a good look at their target. Secesh tried hard to hit her with their mortar, but did not succeed. The accurate firing of the *Nahant* elicited the heartiest commendations from the spectators, who were piled upon our turret and on all elevated points of the other vessels.

The outlines of the fort, which early in the morning had presented such regularity, now began to assume an entirely different aspect. Huge holes were clearly discernible, and it did not look like the work we saw in the bright glow of the morning's sun.

At thirty-two minutes past three P.M. the *Nahant* withdrew from the action, having accomplished all she desired to do in the way of exercising her guns' crews and lubricating her working gear. At fifty-five minutes past three P.M. the *Patapsco* followed, and the *Passaic* some little time afterward. They all dropped down the river, the rebels firing very rapidly at them as they quietly went away from the fort.

They hit the *Passaic* several times, landing a 16-inch shot on the top of her turret, whole and uninjured. They also hit her fair and square on her deck with an 11-inch mortar shell, which, strange to say, did not do any material damage, except, of course, fracturing the armor. It struck between the beams. I begin to think you can not injure our iron-clads in any manner possible. She was hit thirty-three times, and I have the same old story to write —"Nobody hurt, and no damage done." I could not have been made to believe that these vessels could withstand shot, shell, and torpedoes, used in every conceivable manner, until I saw with my own eyes the results. It is wonderful and strange.

We can not forbear quoting this correspondent with regard to the sensations experienced by persons in an iron-clad when she is hit. He says:

About half past eight o'clock our pilot-house was hit a tremendous blow by a shot. Your correspondent was at the instant of impact on one knee writing a paragraph in his note-book. The shock was somewhat severe, and afterward he found that the shot struck close to his head.

It unbalanced me, and I tumbled over against the side of the narrow pilot-house, when, to my surprise, I was struck by a piece of iron bolt with the nut attached (weighing about one pound), first on the shoulder and then on the knee. Some of the other bolts were knocked out. The iron was, no doubt, of an inferior quality, and had they been of the same character as those in the turret, such an event would not have taken place. In view of such an accident, and suffering from the shock, I left the pilot-house.

* * * * * * *

The sensation below decks was far different than that which I had experienced in the pilot-house on Tuesday last for four hours and a half and the two hours of to-day.

The sound of our own guns was more acute and unpleasant, and well it might be, when it is taken into consideration that the whole volume of sound from the discharge of each gun passed directly over and within a few inches of our heads, and the concussion passing into the system through the brain by the top of the head. I can not say that it was painful, but it was far from pleasant, and, in addition to this, you were scarcely ever able to hear the word of command when the guns were fired. To hear the officer say, "Are you ready?"—"Fire!" takes off much of the unpleasantness of the shock; but below you do not have that warning.

* * * * * * *

It was just six minutes past eleven o'clock. I was standing in the ward-room, and in conversation with Dr. Brayton, when a most terrific blow was struck upon our deck plating directly over my head. I was driven with much force into a chair, and my whole muscular system seemed for about two minutes perfectly paralyzed. I was faint, and could scarcely obtain my breath. I never experienced such an unpleasant sensation in the whole course of my life. It was a heavy shock to my whole system. In fact it exceeded my experience in the pilot-house, and I thought I done wrong in quitting it. And while absorbed in such thoughts slam! came another such a shot, but, fortunately for me at least, about six feet away from where the first one struck. Weak as I was this again gave me a shock, and I was forced to say, "That was the unkindest cut of all." I soon recovered from the intense pain I suffered, and resumed my notes, but was continually in apprehension of having the dose repeated. Fortunately, however, it was not.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As MANY former Pupils of the NAZARETH HALL BOARDING SCHOOL are in the U. States Army and Navy, filling various positions in the different departments thereof, and as we have already heard of the death of several—in hospital and on the battle-field—we hereby request all persons who are aware that any of our Graduates have thus fallen, to give or send all information they possess, of time, place, and manner of death, to the Agents of our Institution, the Messrs. A. Binninger & Co., Nos. 92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York, or the Messrs. Jordan & Brother, No. 209 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, or to the

Rev. EDWARD H. REICHEL,
Principal of Nazareth Hall,
Nazareth, Northampton County, Penna.

Chemicals, &c.—We have for Sale

250 tons of SODA ASH, different brands and tests, in store and to arrive, for Soap or Glass Makers. CAUSTIC SODA, the best makes, in iron 5 cwt. packages. NEWCASTLE SAL SODA, 150 tons in assorted packages—also Friar's Goose, our own make. Newcastle BI CB. SODA —H. L. P. & Co., Jarrow, Alhusens—Also the FRIAR'S GOOSE Chemical Works, our own manufacture, unexcelled. CREAM TARTAR, crystal and powdered. Also TARTARIC ACID, crystal and *powdered in our own mills, perfectly pure.* "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER, of acknowledged excellence, the standard article. SALÆRATUS, the Best and Purest in the market, made at our Laboratory, Jersey City, the largest works in this country, all the fancy styles put up for the trade, and guaranteed. Also the following Sundries: Concentrated Lye, Prepared Potash, Pot and Pearl Ashes, Soap Powder, Indigo, &c. 150,000 lbs. of Palm Oil, duty paid, in assorted packages.

Buyers from strictly first hands should send us their orders.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 *and* 138 *Cedar Street, New York, for Fifteen Years,*
Importers and Manufacturers.

READY (OFFICIAL).
THE UNITED STATES CONSCRIPTION ACT,
OR, NATIONAL MILITIA BILL.
With a copious Index for Reference.
JAMES W. FORTUNE, PUBLISHER,
102 Centre Street, New York.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

STATEMENT

OF THE

United States Life Insurance Co.,

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

NO. 40 WALL STREET.

Assets 1st January, 1862		$804,858 09
RECEIPTS.		
Premiums and Policies	$207,044 19	
Interests, Rents, Annuities, &c.	50,035 30	
		257,079 49
		$1,061,937 58
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid Claims by Death	$94,500 00	
Policies Purchased	18,696 37	
Dividends and Profits	31,540 85	
Re-insurance, Taxes, &c.	20,469 23	
Office Expenses	20,672 28	
		$185,869 73
ASSETS.		
Cash	$24,658 73	
Bonds and Mortgages	474,250 00	
United States Securities ($162,000), cost	153,327 50	
New York City Bonds	20,000 00	
Brooklyn City Bonds	24,000 00	
Real Estate in New York and Brooklyn	18,268 95	
Due by Agents	22,968 26	
Loans on Policies	79,022 37	
Deferred Premiums	49,419 94	
Interest Accrued or Due	10,152 10	
Assets, 1st January, 1863		$876,067 8[illegible]

There are no losses due and unpaid; no claims in dispute.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS,	SHEPHERD KNAPP,
LUTHER BRADISH,	EDWARD S. CLARK,
JAMES SUYDAM,	ISAAC N. PHELPS,
JAMES MARSH,	CHARLES E. BILL,
JOHN J. CISCO,	JOHN J. PHELPS,
ISAAC A. STORM,	CLINTON GILBERT,
JOHN A LUQUEER,	WILLIAM B. BOLLES,
JOSIAH RICH,	HANSON K. CORNING,
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY,	JOHN C. BALDWIN,
THOMAS C. DOREMUS,	EDWARD MINTURN,
B. F. WHEELWRIGHT,	AUGUSTUS H. WARD,
WILSON G. HUNT,	JAMES GALLATIN,
DAN. H. ARNOLD,	JERE. P. ROBINSON,
W. R. VERMILYE,	CHARLMS P. LEVERICH,
WILLIAM TUCKER,	WILLIAM M. HALSTED, Jr.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS, President.
N. G. DE GROOT, Act. JOHN EADIE, Sec.
JAMES W. G. CLEMENTS, M.D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 12 to 1½ o'clock, P.M.

J. B. GATES, General Agent; JAMES STEWART, HENRY PERRY, ALBERT O. WILLCOX, A. WHITNEY, Local Agents in the City of New York and vicinity.

Agents Wanted.

$40 a Month and Expenses, or *Commission on Sales.* Send stamp for circulars.
RICE & CO., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

GRAY'S CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORATIVE.

IT IS NOT A DYE!

$1,000. PREMIUM. $1,000.

WILL CAUSE HAIR TO GROW ON BALD HEADS;
WILL RESTORE GREY OR DISEASED HAIR TO ITS

ORIGINAL CONDITION & COLOR,

Will prevent the Hair from Falling Off, and promote a New and Healthy Growth; completely eradicates Dandruff; will prevent and cure Nervous Headache; will give to the Hair a Clean, Glossy Appearance, and is a Certain Cure for all Diseases of the Head.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

It is a perfect and complete dressing for the Hair. Read the following testimonial:

U. S. Marshal's Office,
New York, Nov. 6, 1861.

Wm. Gray, Esq.,

Dear Sir: Two months ago my head was almost entirely BALD, and the little hair I had was all GREY, and falling out very fast, until I feared I should lose all. I commenced using your *Hair Restorative*, and it immediately stopped the hair falling off, and soon restored the color, and after using two bottles my head is completely covered with a healthy growth of hair, and of the same color it was in early manhood. I take great pleasure in recommending your excellent *Hair Restorative*, and you may also refer any doubting person to me.

ROBERT MURRAY, U. S. Marshal,
Southern District, New York.

Other testimonials may be seen at the Restorative Depot, 301 Broadway, New York.

Manufactured and sold by the proprietor (Wm. Gray), at the Restorative Depot, 301 Broadway, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 309 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Ready:

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By Daniel Butterfield, Major-Gen. Vols., U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.

NEW STYLE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS PROPAGATE THEMSELVES.

A lady, travelling on the Continent of Europe, called upon Ramon Cuyras, of Barcelona, Spain, a dealer in Drugs and Medicines, and inquired for BRANDRETH'S PILLS. He did not keep the medicine for sale. The lady requested him to send to New York for a supply for her, and she left with him money for six dozen boxes. When the Pills arrived, the lady left with Mr. Cuyas four dozen, with a request he would sell them for her. He did so, and from that small beginning, and without any effort whatever from the Principal Office, the sale has become so extensive in Barcelona as to absorb nearly three hundred gross per annum, or 44,200 boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In fact, to use the effective language of Raymon Cuyas, "Brandreth's Pills propagate themselves." That is to say, those who use them become well satisfied with their high medicinal and health-restoring qualities, and as such recommend them to their friends.

It is admitted they are the most innocent, most effectual and certain, and withal the most RELIABLE PURGATIVE KNOWN. The majority of medicines of this class are poor imitations of this, the Original Universal Medicine.

Public favor is eventually decided by merit; we therefore hope that this excellent life-saving medicine may be everywhere introduced, and its own merits will do the rest. It is adapted to all ages, all races, all climates, and being used by one sick invariably ameliorates the disease, and perseverance cures in a majority of cases.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

Sold also at No. 4 Union Square.

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

One dollar inclosed to Dr. BRANDRETH, will insure Four Boxes, sent by return of mail to any address in the United States, without further charge.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
294 *CANAL STREET,*
BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

LANDRETH'S
(WARRANTED)
SEEDS

Have been before the American People for nearly
Three Quarters of a Century,
and daily grow in popular favor.

☞ They will speak their own praise wherever planted.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, 1863, is mailed, *without charge*, to all applicants.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn.

Fine Ivory Sleeve and Bosom Studs.

All colors, engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Complete sets, $1 50, free by mail.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

SOLDIERS, we send the following watch, pre-paid, on receipt of price, and 36 cents additional for postage, to any part of the country, and guarantee a safe delivery:

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING AND OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The New York Illustrated News, the leading pictorial paper of the United States, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers; it is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a hunting and open-face watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it, and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time-piece."

Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204 00. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents. Address

HUBBARD BROS.,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS,

12 Waverley Place, near Broadway.

Madame Benedict, of Rue de la Paix, Paris, has the honor to announce that on the 26th, 27th, 28th inst., she will open her new branch Millinery Rooms, at 12 Waverley Place. This Establishment will be found replete with every European novelty, the distinguishing characteristics will embrace exquisite taste combined with moderate charges, punctuality, and polite attention.

A DISTINCT Department for every description of MOURNING Millinery and Ornamental Bijouterie will be made a prominent feature of. An early inspection is solicited.

Mackenzie's Patent Auto-Propelling Cantering Horses and Racing Ponies.

Run rapidly over any good road or grounds, propelled by the weight of the rider. The most delightful and healthful amusement and out-door exercise ever invented. Send stamp for illustrated circular and price list.

STEPHEN W. SMITH, 498 Broadway.

How to Get a Patent.

The Inventor's Guide sent for 3 cent stamp, by FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

A Good Article always recommends itself.—The best and most wholesome Coffee ever offered is the celebrated GENUINE Preparation of EAST INDIA COFFEE. Only 20 cents per pound!! Wholesale and retail, at 79 Barclay Street (and by Mowbray & Peckham, 5 Fulton Street, and Story & Southworth, Vesey Street, near Greenwich). A liberal allowance to Dealers. Depot for the best and cheapest Family Soap in the World. Orders for Flour executed at receiver's prices.

Address orders,
G. BENTLEY,
79 Barclay Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prices, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies."

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.

Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $15.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 5 inches high by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 9½ pounds. Price $6 00.

Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, N. Y.

Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

How to Read Character.

See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, April No., 10 cents, or $1 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

WINDOW SHADES, 359 BROADWAY.

GOLD SHADES,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
BUFF HOLLAND SHADES,
GREEN HOLLAND SHADES,
CHINESE AND VENETIAN BLINDS,
All kinds Shade Fixtures,
BRAY'S PATENT FIXTURE—THE BEST IN USE.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
No. 359 Broadway.

359 BROADWAY. LACE CURTAINS,

NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS,
VESTIBULE LACE,
And all styles of Trimmings for Curtains.
Over 2100 pairs Curtains at
OLD PRICES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
No. 359 Broadway.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps. ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

"EUREKA!"

And will you have them? A Grecian preparation which will cause Whiskers and Moustaches to grow heavy in *one month;* only 50 cents, sent pre-paid on receipt of price. Address Box 65, East Brookfield, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

FEW ARE EXEMPT.—We don't refer to the Draft. Millions escape the conscription. But few, very few, are exempt from Indigestion. The grand army of Dyspeptics are a multitude that no man can number. Thousands of them serve for life and die early. Yet there is no difficulty in securing exemption. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, taken as a preventive, render the weakest stomach DYSPEPSIA-PROOF. Nay, though you are already enrolled among the sufferers, a few bottles of this inestimable tonic will insure your discharge in a healthy condition, and without being liable to be seized again. In plain terms, this famous stomachic and alterative is infallible in all the varieties of indigestion and of liver complaint. It invigorates the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, renews the appetite, cheers the spirits, braces the nerves, strengthens the body, and is a potent antidote to the deleterious influence of damp and cold. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS can be obtained in any first class Drug Store in the country.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 428 BROADWAY.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 80 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Fee to search for name, $3. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

Soldiers' Special Notice.—Do your duty to yourselves, protect your health, use HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Sores, Bowel Complaints and Fevers, they are a perfect safeguard. Full directions how to use them with every box. Only 25 cents.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee, 25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to Coffees usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Mocha, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a case, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 233, 235 and 237 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1.00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Sizes, $1 12 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 201 Broadway, N. Y. Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Illustrated Phrenological Almanac

For 1863. Pre-paid, by first post, 10 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Worth its Weight in Gold.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $2, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted, and engraved.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. A Novel. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," "North and South," "The Moorland Cottage," "Right at Last," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, Esq., F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Line upon Line." This First Part relates to Events in the Times of the PATRIARCHS and the JUDGES. By the Author of "Line upon Line," "Reading without Tears," "More about Jesus," "Streaks of Light," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "The Last of the Mortimers," "The Days of My Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "One of Them," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," &c. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. RICHARDS. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For April, 1863.

CONTENTS:

ANOTHER AFRICAN HUNTER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—William Charles Baldwin.—A River Scene.—Fast Asleep.—Dead Alligator dragged into the Water.—A forced Return.—Knocked over by a Lioness.—Going down Hill.—An African Serenade.—Night-Shooting.—Leaped by a Buffalo.—A Giraffe in a Tree.—Baldwin's Beard.—Giraffe Hunt; Buffaloes chasing.—A Lonely Night.—Treking by Night.—Dining with a Kaffir Chief.—A Pass by a Savage Elephant.—Rhinoceros and Dogs.—Chase of an Ostrich.—Baldwin chased by an Elephant.—Zebra Hunt.—Treed by Buffaloes.—A narrow Escape.—Inyala, Dogs, and Hyenas.—A Ducking.—Forest on Fire.

A FEW DAYS IN MOSCOW.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Frozen Animals in the Market.—Prisoners for Siberia.—Mujiks at Tea.—Russian Theatre.—The Peterskoi Gardens.—Old-Clothes' Market.—Pigs, Pups, and Pans.—A Passage of Politeness.—An Imperial Nosegay.—A Skinned and Stuffed Man.—Mujik and Cats.

THE WIDOW THORNE'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. The Black Marks become Magical.
CHAPTER XXXIX. A Supper in the Rucellai Gardens.
CHAPTER XL. An arresting Voice.
CHAPTER XLI. Coming back.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—To Rome.—A Supper in the Rucellai Gardens.—"Father, I will be guided."

MY THANKSGIVING.
FIFTH AVENUE.
FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. IN THREE PARTS. PART II.
A QUEEN'S DAY.
MY MYSTERIOUS FOE.
THE HOME AND THE FLAG.
MY SERMON BEFORE THE MAYOR.
SOME SECESSION LEADERS.
LOUIS NAPOLEON.
VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.
THE GRAND IDEA.
A GOSSIP ABOUT NOVELS.
KITTEN.
THE MASTER KEY.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
A FEW CARTES DE VISITE.
FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bridal Toilet.—Street Costume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.